Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

Vol. XLIX. Augusta, Maine, Thursday Morning, November 17, 1881. Number 52.

Maine Farmer.

Preparing for Winter.

The season for active operations on the farm is drawing to a close and the night of the year is approaching when in this latitude at least, "no man can work." But farm work can be continued clear up to the time when Jack Frost shall put on his embargo, and profitably too. The ground is now in good condition for ploughing and the plow should be sped until sufficient is turned over for next year's tillage. The frost and the snow, the rain and the sun are great pulverizing agents and during the late fall, winter and early spring months, soil that is brought within their reach and influence will be greatly improved in fertilization by the process of rendering the plant food which has heretofore been locked up, so to speak, available to the growing plants. The old style of plow was thought to do its work well if it inverted the sward; the later inventions not only invert the sod, but by the peculiar shape of the mould board the soil is left light and porous, ready to be acted upon by the agents we have named.

Another job which can be done late in autumn as well as at any other time, is the digging of boulders which so badly interfere with the work of the plow and the mowing machine. They should be dug about and thrown out of their bed and left upon the surface to be hauled off as soon as the first snows fall. A pair of good oxen will move an immense boulder upon a drag to its place in the wall, when there is only a light covering of snow upon the ground. Work of this kind can be charged to the account of permanent improvements, and a certain amount of such work should be done every year. There are many fields now rough and unsightly which need only work of this kind, persevered in, year after year, to render them smooth as a lawn. These boulders were brought down from the north during the period of drift, and those which appear above the surface do not penetrate far into the soil and are quite easily removed. They are not only unsightly and in the way, but they occupy the land to the exclusion of crops.

Wood should now be cut and piled for winter use. The thrifty farmer will go through his wood-lot and look out for dead trees and for limbs that have been broken off by the winds. Many farmers get their entire supply of wood in this way, and it is economical to do so. It is generally seasoned and ready for use, and unless removed promptly it will soon begin to decay, and even partially decayed wood makes very poor fuel. The dry trees and limbs should be cut up sled length and piled up ready to be hauled up on the first snows. It is well to remove brush and chips, that nothing may be left to feed the flames and thereby destroy the growing trees, and these make good summer fuel. Persons who adopt this course will never want for a supply of wood and will ever have a strong resource, while the improvident man will cut the green trees first because they are handiest, and soon finds himself short. We have had personal knowledge of numerous instances illustrating the two practices we have mentioned, and these different results have invariably followed; one class to-day has good, thrifty wood-lots, and the other either poor ones or none at all.

Everything around the barn and outbuildings should be put in order for winter. Cattle in cold stables require much more food than when they are kept warm and comfortable. If shingles or clapboards have been loosened in consequence of the removal of the nails by Jack Frost in one of his last winter raids, or from any other cause, they should be made secure. Cattle in the stable should have light, and all modern stables have an abundance of it. If the root cellar is liable to freeze during the winter, a load of boughs put on the north side will generally make it secure. The same is true of the house cellar. It is a good plan to secure a supply of leaves for bedding purposes. They are good absorbents and are themselves rich in plant food. The manure heap may be largely increased by this means. These things should all be looked after in season. Winter never fails in this latitude, and the white summits of the northern mountains indicate that the annual invasion is already in progress. Let us be prepared for its coming.

Autumn Seeding.

Most people have no doubt observed, says *Vick's Floral Guide*, that self-sown seeds, that is, seeds that have dropped from the plants of the previous season, sometimes produce the strongest and healthiest plants that bloom the most freely. This is true of several kinds, and particularly those that suffer under the exposure of our midsummer suns. We know that self-sown seeds get a very healthy growth in the spring, vegetating as soon as frost is gone, and are good sized plants by the time we usually put seeds in the ground, even if they do not start in the fall. They thus mature and flower during the cool weather of spring. The Clarkias and Nemophilas and Annual Larkspurs are noted examples. There are also several varieties of hardy annuals that do well with spring sowing that will bear autumn sowing in the open ground, and reward us with early spring flowers. Sweet Alyssum and White Candytuft will give us abundance of white for early cutting, if sown in the autumn. In a sandy soil the Portulacca may be sown in the autumn with good success. Seeds of biennials and perennials, if sown early enough to produce strong little plants, will flower the next summer. Pansies and Chinese Pinks, though they bloom the first summer if sown in the spring, will make much stronger plants and flower more freely and earlier if young plants are grown in the autumn.

The famous system of rotation, now extended quite generally throughout England and Scotland, with occasional modifications is as follows: "The first year, clover and mixed grass seed; the second year, wheat; the third year, turnips or mangagas; the fourth year, barley; and then the same course again. An innovation on this is to add another grain crop, oats, to the shift, making a five years' course; and so efficient has this course been that it has been calculated that the grain crops have increased one-fourth."

Winter Care of Poultry.

The success of poultry keeping is very largely determined by the care bestowed upon the birds during the cold winter. During the summer season, fowls which have a range will get along without much care, but when winter closes in and the ground is covered with snow, they are entirely dependent upon their keeper for everything. As to the best breed to keep, that like stock raising, depends much upon circumstances and the object in view. For city and village purposes where the range is limited, and it is necessary to keep them yarded, the larger breeds like the Brahma, Plymouth Rock, &c., are the best. A picket fence three feet in height is sufficient to keep them, as we have proved by repeated trial. On the farm where the range is almost unlimited, other breeds may be more profitably kept. The Brahmas are persistent setters and with us, have not proved remarkable layers. Their eggs are large, but so long as eggs are sold by the dozen, all the gain in keeping large hens where eggs for the market is the object, is with the purchaser of eggs.

But whatever breed is kept, the rules for winter treatment, apply to all alike. They should have well ventilated, well lighted quarters which must be kept clean, and not too cold. Hens as a rule, are warmly clad and will bear quite a low temperature without injury, but they must not be exposed to a draught of wind, and the temperature must not be low enough to freeze their combs. The hen house should be well protected towards the north, and have plenty of windows on the other sides. A flood of light let in through the windows even in a cold winter day, will warm up the quarters and make the inmates contented and even happy. A henery should not be crowded. The close, debilitating air of an over-crowded hen house is sure to make mischief in a very short time. The excrement should be removed daily.

Having provided a warm house, with plenty of light and suitable ventilation, the next thing is to supply proper food at the proper time. Pure water at a temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees should be supplied every morning. Hens require but little water, but that little is very essential, and great suffering is caused by any omission to supply it even for a day, if the fowl are in close confinement where they cannot reach the snow. A warm breakfast of mashed potatoes and corn meal stirred in, is always agreeable. Whole corn or grain will do well for the second meal as it furnishes material for the digestive organs to act upon during the long, cold night. The food should be varied. Wheat, barley or oats may be alternated with corn, or each of these may be used in rotation. A supply of animal food of some kind should not be omitted. Scraps are eaten with great relish and supply fuel to keep up the animal heat. We do not think it well to keep a supply of food before fowl all the time. It is better to feed twice a day, and give about what they will consume at one eating. Where the former method is practiced, they will eat too often and too much, and impaired digestion is the result. A certain amount of lime either in the form of bone meal or pulverized oyster shells, should be constantly supplied, and gravel should be within their reach at all times. Those who take proper care of their fowl during the inclement season, will find it profitable, and only those.

Herdsdale Farm.

On our way to Dixfield and Weld recently, we spent a short time at Herdsdale Farm in the town of Canton. This farm has frequently been spoken of in this paper as the enterprise of Mr. Warren Ward, a wealthy business man of New York. Mr. Ward was born in Norridgewock in this State from which place he went to Boston and learned the trade of a Cabinet maker. From there he went to New York and engaged extensively in the furniture trade which business he still carries on. The beginning of Herdsdale Farm was the Austin farm, the birth place of Mrs. Ward, a small homestead occupied by Mr. I. M. Austin her father and D. Austin her grandfather. Since coming in possession, Mr. Ward has added by purchase a considerable tract of land, and built large and commodious farm buildings. Herdsdale is situated a little more than a mile north of the village of Canton Mills the northern terminus of the Buckfield railroad.

Mr. Ward makes a specialty of Jersey stock and has a large herd of very fine animals. They were grazing in the field by the road side as we passed and choicer animals of their breed we have rarely, if ever seen. Gilt edge butter is produced here which finds a ready market in Boston and New York. The whole number of cows on the farm at the present time is thirty-five and the creamery system has been adopted and gives entire satisfaction. The dairy room has all the modern improvements and kept at an even temperature, for butter is here made all the year round. The golden product is moulded into squares and each lump is stamped with the name of the farm. As a finishing process, each lump is wrapped in tissue paper and placed in a paste-board box just large enough to receive it. Each package weighs a pound. One hundred of these packages are put in a neat case, and then the butter is ready for shipment. Of course butter made and put up in this way commands a good price in any market.

We mentioned last season that Mr. Ward had purchased a flock of fine wool sheep and proposed to add sheep husbandry to his dairy operations. He has had some experience with breeding Cotswolds, but likes the Merinos better. He thinks Merinos among the different breeds of sheep are what the Jerseys are among the breeds of cattle. That they are hardier than the Cotswolds as Mr. Ward claims, or that they will shear more wool, will hardly be admitted by those who breed the Cotswolds. Mr. Ward's eighty-five sheep yielded eight hundred and fifty pounds of unwashed wool which was certainly a good average. Mr. Ward thinks the Merinos are more quiet and peaceable and do not like to roam like some other breeds including the Cotswolds.

The original Austin farm, which forms the nucleus of Herdsdale, is high intervale situated on the right bank of the Androscoggin river, but with the added territory, Mr. Ward has almost every variety of soil and situation. He has high and low interval, pine plain, low meadow, table land and high upland. These afford facilities for securing large crops of hay, and excellent pasturage. An overseer has charge of the details of the work, but Mr. Ward spends his summers here and directs all important movements. He likes rural affairs and spends all the time in the country that can be spared from his business. We hope he may find his husbandry remunerative as well as enjoyable.

Bangor to Bucksport.

Having a little time to spare when in Bangor recently, we accepted an invitation from L. L. Lincoln, Esq., to make the trip to Bucksport over the narrow guage railway. This was formerly a broad guage track and the road was run under a lease by the European and North American Railroad Company. But the arrangement not being satisfactory to the parties in interest, it was not continued, and three years ago the road was leased by Mr. Lincoln. There was then no rolling stock belonging to the road, all that in previous use being owned by the lessee. It was decided to change to the three foot guage with a view of extending the line to Ellsworth, and Mr. Lincoln purchased the rolling stock, consisting of two locomotives, two passenger and a baggage car and twelve freight cars, sufficient to equip the road. Since Mr. Lincoln leased the road, it has been purchased by a syndicate consisting of eight persons, of whom he is one, and this syndicate will take control in a few months.

Mr. Lincoln, whose long and efficient service on the Maine Central road is well known to our readers, has run the road in a manner to make it pay. His son is station agent at Bucksport, his daughter treasurer, and himself man of all work. He runs to connect with all the day trains east and west in and out of Bangor, and furnishes Bucksport with two mails a day. During the time he has run the road, he has never failed to make connection with the Portland train from Bangor, save in a single instance and in that case it was the fault of the night watch at Bucksport, who overslept and did not get up steam in season. This is quite remarkable considering the character of our winters and the road a narrow guage. The road crosses from Bangor into Brewer, and then follows down the left bank of the river through the pleasant towns of Brewer and Orrington and seven miles into Bucksport to Bucksport village. The road-bed is in excellent condition and the passenger coaches well proportioned and pleasant. One of them will seat 38 passengers and the other 42; the former has part single and part double seats, and the latter all double. They weigh only about a third as much as cars of the standard guage. Mr. Lincoln is well satisfied with the receipts of the road, and the public are more than satisfied with the way he has managed it.

On the opposite bank of the river as we passed down, we noticed the thriving towns of Hampden, Frankfort and Winterport, and further along Verona. The scenery along all our Maine rivers is picturesque, but none more so than that on the Penobscot. We enjoyed a couple of hours at Bucksport very much, for which we were indebted to the kind attentions of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. F. H. Moses, whose extensive greenhouses we noticed in a recent issue. Bucksport is a pleasant old town and contains many elegant homes. In summer, when its numerous old shade trees are in foliage it must be very beautiful. Fort Knox, an unfinished work on a promontory opposite, is kept and guarded by a single non-commissioned officer who must be very lonely. This is a good agricultural region and in all the towns we have named are many fine farms and thrifty farmers. Among the noveities of Bucksport is the dwelling house nearly completed for Mrs. J. C. Barnard, widow of one of the former well known business men of this town. We will not attempt to describe this house, for we confess ourselves unequal to the task. It is unique, and neither pains nor expense have been spared to render it convenient and comfortable as well as elegant. It is said to be modelled after an English style, and the architect is Newcomb of Boston. To attempt to describe the different rooms, the hand carving, the painting, and other ornamental work, the mantel pieces, the windows, balconies and lookouts, would require much more space than we can use. We stopped in town until five o'clock, then returned to Bangor in season for supper at the Exchange and the evening train for home.

Why Timothy Runs Out.

Mrr. T. S. Gold, the Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, who has recently been assisting Mr. Gilbert in the Farmers' Institutes, writes as follows to the Homestead of some of the theories put forward to account for the running out of timothy, and of his purpose to try a plan that has proved successful in the case of clover:

"The disappearance of timothy from our natural mowings is variously accounted for. First, it is charged to the mowing machine as cutting too closely. We usually run our machine at medium height, rarely using the closest cut, but would prefer the medium or highest. Here we encountered a difficulty from the fingers clogging with fine grass, so that we could not use the highest cut, and the machine would run over much of the lodged grass. Second, it is charged to too early mowing, as we mow some two weeks or a month earlier than formerly. Timothy runs out most upon seedings of the early cut meadows. Third, we agree with those who attribute it to the peculiar character of our seasons rather than to either of the above. Some period of each year for the last ten has been remarkably dry, and the timothy has never recovered from the effects. As timothy is cut earlier, there is less natural reseeding than formerly, also less is foddered out on the fields, scattering the seeds. I shall try reseeding with timothy, with top dressing and the Thomas smoothing harrow. I have tried red clover successfully in that way. This seems to be the best means to overcome the white daisy. Give an abundant top dressing, thirty cart-loads per acre, and four quarts of clover seed harrowed in. Two applications will surely prove effectual on any reasonably good land."

A correspondent of the Fruit Recorder says: "An experiment made last year by myself may not come amiss at this time with those who grow strawberries. I procured half a hogshead, filled it with rain water, and put into it one-quarter pound of ammonia, and one quarter pound of common nitre. When the strawberry plants were blossoming out I gave them a sprinkling of the solution at evening, twice a week, until the fruit was nearly ripe. The result was double the amount of fruit on those where the liquid was applied, to where none of the liquid was applied."

"By Robert B. Thomas."

A reminder of the near approach of a new year is the receipt from the publishers, of the Old Farmers' Almanac by Robert B. Thomas, for the year 1882. This is number ninety of this valuable annual, and like all its predecessors, it is filled with "new, useful, and entertaining matter." With the exception of four numbers which we would like much to procure, we have the entire series, eighty-six numbers in all. We have them complete from the year 1800 to 1882. In the farming communities, the Old Farmers' Almanac has ever been the oracle of the household, and many of the old numbers in our collection indicate the important position it held in the literature of the family. In the olden time when writing paper was not as plenty as it now is, the farmer was in the habit of interleafing his almanac and covering the blank leaves inserted with to him, important data. We have them where accounts have been kept with the neighbors, and occasionally an important historical event has been noted, which, but for this brief and unpretentious mention, would be lost in oblivion.

This almanac is specially fitted for the latitude of Boston, but is also adapted to Maine, and above all its rivals and cotemporaries, it holds its high rank of almost a century ago, in the estimation and hearts of the rural population of New England. Its founder has long since turned to dust, but the work he so well begun still goes on and will be continued for generations to come. The Farmers' Calendar has always been an important feature of this annual, and we know of no agricultural literature that is better calculated to interest and inform the farmer than has appeared in its columns. It is always of a practical kind and given in simple, yet comprehensive language.

In the number before us, the calender for November warns the farmer that the time has come for closing up the field, work and get ready for winter. The plough can continue to run until the ground freezes, and it is a good plan to turn up the sod to the weather. It is now time to begin to use the muck dug during the hot weather. "Muck is a good thing to have. It saves a great deal of waste. It is worth its cost to use on high land at any time, but more than that to use in the barn and under it." "Fall feed is worth as much on the grounds as it is to be eaten off. It serves as a mulch to protect the roots of the grass." Look out for the winter's supply of wood; it is a good plan to have a years' stock on hand."

The December calendar opens with the remark that "to feed stock well so as to secure the highest degree of thrift, is a great art." Cattle are creatures of habit and they must have fixed times to eat. It takes about six hours to chew over the coarse food taken into the stomach and the more quiet they can be for this work, the better. Don't feed too often." The evenings are long and there are books enough giving the experience of those who have tried all the best modes of feeding, and we cannot do better than to consult them. "Now is the time to study these things. Settle up the accounts of the year and see how you stand. If you don't fix up things your creditors may have to do it for you, and that isn't to be thought of." The Calendar for January moralizes upon the beginning of a new year, advises retrospection and the correction of the mistakes of the past year. "To feed well is the great secret of success on the farm. The master's eye and gentle hand is what is wanted at this season of the year. We must study the wants of the stock." To feed well requires thought as well as hay, roots, shorts and cotton seed meal."

February is called the "cold month," "but the chores must be done, the wood cut and the cows, pigs and hens fed. Wood means warmth and so does food. There is life in heat, and all life must have food of some kind. This is the time to think and see if there is not some brain food within our reach. The brain must work as well as the hand. As a rule, the best trained men and the best trained women will do the best work at the best time and in the best way. We need to go a little out of self to gain the true end of life."

In March we are told that the work of spring is near at hand, and that we must get ready for it. Painting must be attended to, the fences looked after as soon as the snow is out of the way; fruit trees should be carefully examined, and as soon as newly laid down fields are bare, the cobbles must be picked up." We used to say "Tar the trees to head off the canker worms," but now it is "Brush on the printers ink." It is a sure remedy if taken in time. It is worth while to take more pains with our fruit trees." And so through the twelve calendar months, each little column is crowded with good advice condensed into the smallest space, advice and counsel which if heeded, cannot fail of improving our farms and our lives. No annual in New England has so wide a circulation as the Old Farmers' Almanac. Families which have once had it will never do without it, and we can assure those who do not have it, that they cannot invest a dime to better advantage. Don't let the almanac which advertises some patent nostrum take its place because it can be had for nothing; it is really worth nothing and the chances are that it may lead you to invest in that which is worse than nothing. Stand by the "Old Farmers' Almanac."

Notes.

The *Maritime Farmer* of this week has five articles copied from the MAINE FARMER, two editorials and three communications, for which due credit is given. The *Maritime Farmer* is published at Fredricton and is the organ of the farmers of New Brunswick; it is well conducted.

The annual meeting of the Maine State Grange will be holden in Augusta this year commencing December 20, and continuing through the week. We expect to see many of the members from various parts of the State during that week and they will please remember that the MAINE FARMER latch string is on the outside.

We have received from the publisher, Presley Blakiston, Philadelphia, a neat little volume entitled "Malaria." What it is and How Avoided, by Joseph F. Edwards, M. D. It is a valuable treatise upon a most important subject.

The American *Naturalist* and the American *Journal of Science* for November have been received. Both are filled with interesting and valuable matter.

For the Maine Farmer.

Our Vermont Letter.

The Season. The Apple Crop. Amber Cane in Vermont and elsewhere. Best Sugar in Canada. The future of Northern Sugar making.

My last letter to the FARMER was written the morning after the severe freeze, Oct. 4-5. Since then the weather has been very seasonable, and all farm work has gone on smoothly. The crops have been harvested, and fall plowing is still going on without hindrance. Although apples were greatly injured by the gale and freeze above referred to, the scarcity of fruit is such that good prices have been realized for the damaged apples. It is astonishing to note the increase in apples in northern Vermont during the last four years. In four years more it will cease to be a market for southern grown apples, and will be quite ready to furnish shipments to Europe, via Montreal, within ten years.

I was glad to see your recent article on Amber Cane. It is true that this has not been a favorable year for the crop. It is hardly likely, indeed, that we shall ever have a more unfavorable one; yet here in northern Vermont, the Amber Cane ripened its seed, and gave a crop of heavy and excellent syrup, at the rate of 300 gallons per acre, which sold readily at 75 cents per gallon, the cost of manufacture not exceeding 25 cents. This gives a return of $150 per acre, which is better than Mr. Mekeel's results in New York; but then we always calculate to beat New York here in Vermont. From what I have myself seen, I feel sure that with even the ordinary careless farming which limits our corn average to 35 bushels per acre, in the midst of farms which never go under 50 bushels, we may expect our average of 175 gallons of syrup per acre, giving a return, clear of the cost of manufacture, of $87.50. I have used this syrup as manufactured according to the directions of the department of agriculture, and do not hesitate to pronounce it far better than any in market sold at the same price. Mr. Jason O. Johnson, of Norwich, Vt. has made 1200 gallons of this syrup the present season. He will greatly enlarge his works the coming year, putting in a stronger mill and more evaporators, and substituting steam for horse-power. He has no inducement to try to make sugar so long as his syrup brings so high a price, yet when properly boiled it granulates readily.

I observe that Mr. Lewis A. Ware, the editor of a trade journal entitled the *Sugar Beet*, has issued a bitter attack upon the Department of Agriculture in regard to its Sorghum experiments. I cannot understand why those interested in beet sugar should manifest such virulence, and write so unjustly in regard to sorghum. The field ought to be wide enough for both. As for this Ware, he "Out Herod's Herod" in his wild attacks. An experienced sugar chemist says of him in a letter before me, "there are certain pages in his pamphlet in which it would be impossible for him to make more mis-statements without using smaller type." It is from these beet-sugar men, undoubtedly, that such squibs as the following originate:

"The Department of Agriculture has finished grinding Mr. LeDuc's sorghum, at Washington, getting some 2400 gallons of syrup, from which they do not expect to get more than 300 pounds of sugar. The experiments are considered to demonstrate the impossibility of making sugar from sorghum at a profit."

How does this squibist ascertain the "expectations" of the Department operators? Heretofore the quantity of sugar obtained at the Department from differing samples of syrup has been from 3 to 7 pounds per gallon. At the lowest of these rates 2400 gallons would yield over 3 tons of sugar, while to extract so small a quantity as 300 pounds from that quantity of syrup would be practically impossible. There is not the slightest justification for any of the attacks upon the Department in connection with the sorghum experiments. The manufacture of sorghum syrup has been a considerable industry in the country for over twenty years, but the product has always been satisfactory in quality. It is directly in the line of the work of the Department to find out better methods of manufacture, and make them public. It has done so, and very cheaply, too, considering the greatness of the interests involved, the cost, proportionally, being far less than the assessment upon the tax payers of Maine in aid of the futile experiment in beet sugar making at Portland. That in the course of his experiments the chemist of the Department has not only found out how to make better syrup from sorghum, but has also discovered that when made at a proper stage of growth this syrup contains a large proportion of crystalizable cane sugar, is certainly no reasonable cause for the abuse that has been lavished upon him. Some of this no doubt emenates from the writing of the city press, who are always ready to ridicule the greatest industry of the nation and the "wind-hoppers" engaged in it, but the most vicious thrusts come from the parties who are trying to popularise the sugar beet culture, and who seem to regard the growing interest in sorghum as calculated to divert attention from their hobby.

The reports in regard to the operations of the two beet sugar works in our adjoining province of Quebec are not encouraging. The one at Coaticook, some thirty miles from here on the Grand Trunk Railway, contracted for many acres of beets in this neighborhood, but when the growers began to draw them in, the agent of the company, on various pretexts, refused to pay for them without making deductions of from 12 to 25 per cent on the agreed price. The result was that in not a single instance, so far as I have heard, did he get any more than the first load. Fortunately our farmers are all dairymen, and had a good use for their beets at home. For various reasons the experiences in Maine, Massachusetts and Canada are likely to be repeated everywhere, and if ever the beet sugar business is established in America, I think it must be through the manufacturing companies engaged in the business of growing the beets, as well as manufacturing the sugar. This will call for such a vast increase in the at any rate large capital required for the business, that it will be apt to postpone that success to an indefinite future. Meanwhile, enterprising farmers like Mr. Johnson, Mr. Mekeel, and hundreds of others, east and west, who are experimenting with sorghum, with the assistance of the Department of Agriculture, to make, firstly, a merchantable article of syrup; and will from that, work along gradually towards the manufacture of sugar. It ought to be remembered that only through a long continued and most enormously costly series of trials and failures did the beet sugar manufacture, aided by large government bounties, establish itself in Europe upon a profitible basis. And even in Louisiana it was fifteen years after the introduction of the sugar cane before anything but molasses was made from it. The time will come, and is not very far off, when this successful effort of our Agricultural Department to give a scientific basis to the development of the sugar manufacture from sorghum, will be regarded as its best work since its establishment. Why any one should ridicule and try to hinder the progress of so useful an industry, which is admitted, even by the opposers, already to produce cheaply and abundantly, in the syrup, a merchantable product of great value and wide demand, is a curious phenomenon, with a most belittling solution, if the animosity of the beet sugar folks is as would seem at the bottom of it. In regard to the ultimate practicability of sugar making, on a commercial scale, from sorghum, that remains for the future to ddcide, along with the beet sugar question. But certainly this effort to produce at home an article which now costs us to buy abroad as much money annually as the interest on the national debt, is well worth the expenditure of the few thousands that have been appropriated to it. I believe most of my brother farmers would be glad to feel sure that no worse use is ever made of the public money- T. H. H.

Newport, Vt.

Oaklands.

Homestead and Farm of Hon. R. H. Gardiner of Gardiner.

About a mile below the city of Gardiner, fronting on the Kennebec river, and extending along its banks to a point near Rolling Dam brook thence back far enough to embrace some four hundred acres of land, is situated the fine farm and ancestral home of Hon. R. H. Gardiner. The Portland and Kennebec division of the Maine Central R. R. crosses it near the water, skirting along the river bank, and this is paralleled by the county highway leading from Gardiner to Richmond. Another road crosses the estate near its western line, out of sight from the more used lands of the farm and curtained by woods. Still another road, a private one, leaves the river road south of the buildings and winds across the central portion of the Northern, or tilled lands coming out in the suburbs of the city, and a branch of this road passes by the manor house or residence of Mr. Gardiner, and joins the river road nearer the city, and directly opposite the house. The soil is a clay loam, varying in character, heaviest on the river, and lightest on the more elevated portions, and further away from the shore. It is cut through by ravines running at right angles with the river, each of which is the bed of a runlet or little stream that meanders along, and this conformation affording the very best facilities for drainage. The fields are quite extensive, bordered by a growth of trees that occupy the ravines, skirt the more uneven lands or belt across the plateaus. Now and then a picturesque group or single tree, varies the landscape and adds much to the view. Oaks predominate, but fine nut bearing trees, walnut and chestnut, form a group near the centre of the farm, the seed planted by the hand of Mr. Gardiner's father. Along that part of the estate nearer the river, evidence is seen of water action, and shells are found in the clay, and gravel and strata in the drift, showing clearly that the banks of the river have undergone much change and modification in the ages past. The tourist on the road passing across the estate, unearched perfectly kept shells of a marine character during my visit. The great chain of ponds drained by the Cobbossee stream, in the past no doubt have undergone great and important changes, and are perhaps but, as it were, relics of their former extent and volume, or the fragments of one or more extensive lakes.

The soil is a clay loam, fertile by natural resource and judicious management. The rolling character, aspect, and fine natural drainage, allows its being successfully used for orcharding purposes. Clay and clay loam is usually found unsatisfactory for an orchard site, but here is an exception. Another marked one we have found in that on the farm of Mr. Freeman Partridge of Prospect, Waldo county. Where these exceptions occur, fruit trees, more especially apples, do exceptionally well and the fruit is a marked superiority. This we mention for the encouragement of farmers on a clay or clay loam soil. Usually on the more elevated portions, or on the border where the loam shoals to run into a gravelly or rocky loam or ridge, will be found a belt where apple trees will do well, often very well indeed.

The orcharding of Oaklands is quite extensive, and new trees are frequently set. For the most part they are young and just coming into vigorous bearing. The specialty is yellow Bellfleurs, and never have I seen their superiors in either vigor of tree, or largeness and excellence of fruit. The utmost care is used in caring for the tree, and in gathering the fruit, cloth-lined baskets are used, the apples carefully picked from the tree into the basket, and afterward out of the basket into the barrel. Three barrels are used at a time—one for the best specimens known to be without spot or bruise or blemish, one for those known to be not first class or number one, and a third for all doubtful ones. Fruit handled in this way and sorted so rigidly, will always sell readily and at prices ahead of the ordinary market. In Bellfleurs Mr. Gardiner stands at the head, and we had almost said without a rival. The other standard varieties of apples grown, which are considerable in amount and unexceptional in quality, are a secondary consideration, and are eclipsed by that leading kind before mentioned. The lessons of Oaklands' orchards is that skill, care and excellence commands commensurate remuneration. The best trees are selected for planting. They are given liberal manuring and culture. They receive vigilant attention. They return large crops of choicest fruit.

The annual cut of hay is about one hundred tons, and the quality is of a superior character. It is fed or the most of it, on the farm, to good stock, of which about twenty head of horned cattle are kept, and four horses. There are five full blood Jerseys, nine grade Jerseys, three grade Shorthorns, one Jersey bull from the Nordheim herd of Dr. North, Augusta. These animals are very good specimens of their respective classes and breeds, and show care in selection, breeding and handling. A superior make of butter is one of the farm products. Grain is raised to a considerable extent, oats being the principal variety. Corn is also grown. In the potato line, the Peerless leads, and nowhere are better tubers of this kind produced. They are remarkable for size, appearance and quality. They always carry off the premiums wherever exhibited.

The dust from paper stock used at the paper mills in the city of Gardiner, is used in large quantities, as an absorbent. After it has become soaked and settled down, it very much resembles a fine quality of muck. It is found to be a valuable fertilizer in and of itself. The barnyard is basin shaped, affording a good place to utilize this absorbent. Manure from about 30 horses is annually bought and used. Ashes from the potash works have been used to some extent as top dressing for the pasture lands with good results. A lot of kiln waste from the lime kilns of Rockland, just received, is to be applied to the pasture lands. Most of the barnyard manure is applied in a composted form. No sheep are kept. Brahma hens are the poultry in the hen line, and ducks are raised to quite an extent.

Mr. Stephen Merrill is the farmer in charge, and lives at the farm house, to whom, as well as Mr. Gardiner, I am are under obligations for courtesies, is a thorough going, practical man, but not one of those to whom ruts and traditions are the only guide. He is alive and wide awake to all the approved light of our times, and quick to adopt any proved improvement in agriculture. Mr. Frederic Goodwin, the gardener and horticulturist, is a man well fitted for his place, ingenious, inventive, practical and common sense.

Mr. Gardiner, with his father before him has kept a weather and meteorological record for the past forty-five years, first for the Smithsonian Institute, and later for the Signal service. He also has a record of the opening and closing of the Kennebec river, extending back to 1785. In the extensive and comprehensive library is a survey and plan accurately mapped, of the estate of Oaklands, made by C. J. Noyes, C. E., in the year 1859. In the survey he was assisted by Mr. Gardiner.

The lesson of Oaklands farming is the potent one that high farming pays. Liberal manuring, clean culture, thorough pulverization, good seed, choice selection, strict attention, business and brains tell. It is not the extent so much as the kind and quality that I desire to impress. Here is an example that all may imitate, if not in extent, certainly in kind. The example is worth much for encouragement. Mr. Gardiner has held many places of prominence and trust. At present he is the honored and efficient president of the Maine Pomological Society, whose annual exhibition this year was held here in Mr. Gardiner's native city and home. Never perhaps did he occupy a more useful position, or one fraught with opportunities for general good and public welfare. As the worthy successor to its first president, the Hon. Z. A. Gilbert, we can truly say the mantle has fallen upon worthy shoulders.

The length of our article admonishes me that I must close, leaving unsaid a great many things that a visit to Oaklands suggests and many things observed that I would gladly present if time and space allowed. But its grand old stone mansion, its historical record, and its antique and curious collections have been ably presented and described by other pens. My view was more particularly in the agricultural line, and such I have endeavored to give.

J. W. LANG.

Correspondents' Notes and Queries.

MR. EDITOR:

Please give your opinion through the MAINE FARMER as to the best time for transplanting forest trees. C. B. R.

We have frequently stated in these columns that the question does not seem to be authoritatively settled, some arborculturists preferring one season and some the other. We have never transplanted trees in the fall and have had uniformly good success when transplanting them in the spring. For trees that are not perfectly hardy, we believe the spring is the best time. We would not advise transplanting until the frost is all out and the soil in good working condition. A good practice with fruit trees is to procure them in autumn and bury the roots in winter in some place not liable to freeze, and then set them out in the spring. Forest trees that are hardy, can be safely transplanted either in the spring or fall.

Will you please inform me through the FARMER the best time to apply salt to land as a manure, and what is its value? N.

We cannot better answer these questions than to give the conclusions of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, which are as follows:

"That salt has the property of hastening the maturing of all grain crops; that wheat on salted land will ripen six to ten days earlier than on unsalted land, all other conditions being equal. That it increases the yield from 25 to 50 per cent. That it stiffens the straw and prevents rust and smut. That it checks, if it does not entirely prevent, the ravages of the chinch bug; and that there is no danger of a man's pocket permitting him to put too much salt upon his land, as two barrels per acre will injure no grain crop. The best time to sow salt is in the spring; and it ought to be the first thing done on either fall or spring plowing, as all after-stirring of the land assists in its equal distribution through the soil. The best and easiest method of sowing salt, in the absence of a machine for that purpose, is to sow it from out of the rear end of a wagon—the sower using both hands, while the team is moving at a slow walk; in this way, thirty to forty acres can be sowed in one day. The quantity used may be from 150 to 300 pounds per acre; but the greater quantity is the better."

Please repeat what you stated in a recent number of the FARMER about bleaching celery without earthing it up. F.

It was not our "say," but that of Peter Henderson, the famous gardener of New York and New Jersey, and this is what he said:

"A simpler, easier and better mode, at least for moderate supplies, is to keep the plants, when taken up, entirely away from earth, if intended for winter blanching. About the middle of November they are taken up on a dry day, and placed in water tight troughs, or other vessels, in a quite dark cellar, the plants standing erect and closely together. Enough water is poured on the roots to cover them, and the supply is continued through winter as it evaporates. This constitutes the entire labor. The stalks are gradually and handsomely blanched in the darkness, and many new ones spring up during the winter months, especially if the apartment is not very cold, and these new shoots are remarkable for their delicacy and perfect freedom from any particle of rust, appearing like polished ivory. A small separate apartment in the cellar, without windows, answers well for this purpose. Boxes, tubs, or any vessels which will hold a few inches of water may be employed. The plants, as grown in the open ground, need not be earthed up at all, or they may be slightly earthed to bring them into a more compact form if desired."

Will or can any one of the readers of the good old FARMER tell me how to manage with my grape vine that has fallen off the present year four bushels from its usual bearing? In former years it has borne five bushels or more; it has a healthy appearance in stock and foliage. Is it not hungry for some kind of plant food especially adapted to its wants, that I know nothing of? It is a foreign variety called Hampton Court, its length extending forty-five feet. If any one of the fruit growers of the MAINE FARMER will give me the desired information through its columns they will confer a great favor.

No. Boothbay. JOHN MCFARLAND.

Enclosed you will find a P. O. order for five dollars, which you will please place to my credit on subscription for the MAINE FARMER. Being a Maine man I cannot well do without it and although many years have passed since I left the State, I feel an interest in its welfare and wish to keep up with its improvements. I see that some of your correspondents wish to get some of the cow pea; if they will send me their orders, I will send them any quantities they may want. Weather here about like May; there is no frost yet to hurt vegetation. C. S. GREENLEAF.

Spartenburg, S. C.

Is there any duty on sheep imported expressly for breeding purposes? Some say there is; others not. By answering the above, you will greatly oblige

FARMER READER.

Sheep or cattle imported solely for breeding purposes or improving our breeds, are admitted free of duty.

I have a calf that I would like a mate for; color red, with white face, red around his eyes, measures four feet and eight inches, length five feet and six inches, height three feet and eight inches. If any reader of the FARMER has such a one to sell, please address G. B. PILLSBURY.

Unity.

I see by last week's FARMER that you say you have on hand some Amber Cane seed. As we failed to ripen any, owing to the freezing of the 5th of October, will you please to send me a couple of quarts, as I want to plant a good lot of it?

Hollis Centre. S. S. RAYMOND.

Mr. E. C. Barrett of this town has two very good cows; they were five years old last spring, half Holstein and half native, and in four days, Oct. 29, 30, 31, and Nov. 1 of this year, made 10 lbs. of butter, besides furnishing milk for a family of four persons. These cows came in last May, and were fed on grass and four qts. of turnips per day to each cow. Trot out your $1,000 Jerseys. E. O. COLLINS.

Bridgewater.

Mr. John McFarland has been making a thorough change in the construction of his barn, and now has one of the most convenient barns to be found in town; he don't mind the cost much for the sake of having things handy and convenient.

No. Boothbay. OBSERVER.

An *Ohio Farmer* correspondent says: I can make more pork with clean shelled corn soaked 12 hours in pure water than I can with new, soft corn. I keep my pigs in better condition, and my feeding floors and pastures are not covered with cobs.

Woman's Department.

Various Matters.

I send "A Sister" my receipt for Chili sauce: 12 ripe tomatoes, 2 onions, 1 tablespoonful salt, 1 of sugar, 1 teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, ginger and nutmeg, two cups cider vinegar. Boil one hour and seal up.

Will some of the sisters please to inform me how to wash the Turkey red table damask? I think Zilla R. has started a good subject and one we all ought to be interested in. I am happy to inform her we make no use of cider in our family for drinking purposes, hoping our example may help others to abstain. Our editor is very kind to give us an opportunity for the interchange of thoughts. I have found many valuable hints therefrom. I enjoy Mrs. M. D. W's. talks "about flowers" exceedingly, and when I witnessed the sad havoc

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, November 17, 1881.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$3.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the *name of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage Free to all Subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. C. S. AYER, Agent for the FARMER, will call upon our subscribers in Franklin county during November.

Mr. A. H. Taber will visit Washington county during November on a collector's tour for the FARMER.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION

Thanksgiving, New England's Social and Religious Festival, which originated with her Pilgrim founders, has been hallowed by the pious observance of two hundred and fifty years, and become a National Festival.

Now, therefore, in accordance with venerated custom, and in conformity with the Proclamation of the President, I, HARRIS M. PLAISTED, Governor, by and with the advice of the Council, do hereby appoint and set apart

Thursday, Nov. 24th, A. D. 1881,

As a day of public thanksgiving and praise to God, the Author of all good and the Giver of every good gift; and I do commend to the people of our State, as most suitable to the occasion, the recommendations of the President, whose Proclamation is hereto annexed.

Given at the Council Chamber at Augusta, this fifteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and sixth.

HARRIS M. PLAISTED.

By the Governor,
JOSEPH O. SMITH, Secretary of State.

The Annual Home Festival.

This issue of the FARMER will reach the more distant of our readers in the contemplation of, and perhaps preparations for, the annual home festival of Thanksgiving, that comes to the State and the Nation on the twenty-fourth of this month. How important that the day should be kept, not only for present thankfulness, but in remembrance of its institution by our forefathers, to whom it was no formal or meaningless service. Our fathers turned from the presence of gaunt famine that came so near sitting at their scanty boards, that drove them in the spring time to the closet of prayer and the attitude and spirit of humiliation, to the rejoicings of Harvest time and the ingathering of the fruits of the earth. In the glad acclaims of their Thanksgiving rejoicing, they called to mind all the way in which the Lord had led them—the weary wilderness journeying to the land of promise and of hope—the fruits and flowers and songs of Harvest Home, in contrast to the cold storms and frosts of a rigid winter, and the pinching poverty that made life to them a stern reality.

We sometimes think that on these public days we lose sight of their real significance. Fast day is made a season of horse-racing, thoughtless games and dancing, instead of an occasion of heart-searching seriousness. We make our Fourth of July a day of firecrackers, noisy rioting, and glorifying the typical American bird, instead of a contemplation of the principles on which our Republic is founded, and thinking of the men whose great achievements gave us the right to celebrate the day. We hear only of Santa Claus on Christmas, and forget that it is the birthday of the Christ-child. And even the day we are approaching, often falls into sensuous and selfish uses, a day of gluttony and abuse, instead of the true Thanksgiving that should be the natural offering of the intelligent soul.

Thanksgiving is more of a home festival and partakes more of a family nature, than any public event that comes within the round of the year. The mind of the wanderer, wherever he may be, goes back to the old roof tree out from the refreshing shade of which he went when life was all before him; and if not able to be so in body, he is at home in spirit on Thanksgiving day. Many a lady who shines in fashionable and intellectual circles, at this season turns from the glare of the city to the quiet of that country home where life began, and where the innocent days of childhood were spent. Back to the dear old hearthstone come sons and daughters, grown grey, many of them, in the battle of life, and bearing the furrows of care, to bask for one brief day in the sunshine of their first home, and to recall the memories of earlier years. Joyful the meeting, glad the reunion, that will come to thousands of our readers; and may the forthcoming Thanksgiving be to them a day fraught with manifold blessings.

There is certainly everything to be thankful for. The earth has yielded up its wealth in great abundance; seed time and harvest have not failed; our households are blessed with the comforts of life, and are deprived of none of its necessities; the barns and graneries and cellars are filled; no deadly pestilence has stalked forth in the land; the harsh voice of war is hushed and the angel of peace plumes her wings in bright skies; peace and prosperity gladden the earth; and the benedictions of Providence rest upon this fair land. Doubtless during the year sorrow has taken its place in many households, an unbidden guest, and his presence has brought the dark shadows of profound grief. There will be vacant chairs at the board, and amid the festal scenes the tears will flow for "the loved and lost." But these experiences, though varying, will not change the spirit of Thanksgiving day. If we are surrounded by clouds, by looking back we may see places in our lives which have been just as dark, from which the clouds have been driven; and this will give us hope to conquer again.

A gentleman who has just returned from Aroostook county, says he has traveled through Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and he says there is not one county in any of those States that begins to equal Aroostook farming. The land is level, the soil is deep and very fertile; many farmers raised 400 bushels of potatoes last year to the acre. Wheat and oats grow in great abundance, and grass grows to your liking; the forests seem to be almost unlimited in extent, laying very level and reaching as far as the eye can see, showing a great chance for clearing up farms. The roads are perfectly delightful—no stones—and so level that you hardly need *hold back trees*. On each side of the road lies magnificent farms on which the eye rests with great pleasure.

The fall term of the State College will close at Orono on Friday. The present term has been a profitable one and the students have made creditable progress in their respective studies. The long vacation will soon commence and a large number of the students will devote their time to the teaching of district schools.

GUITEAU'S TRIAL. The trial of the murderer of President Garfield, commenced on Monday, in the District Court at Washington, before Judge Cox. District Attorney Corkhill, Messrs. Porter of New York and Davidge appeared for the prosecution, and Scoville and Leigh Robinson for the defence. E. B. Smith of N. Y., was present to represent the Attorney General. Mrs. Scoville, attired in black, occupied a seat close to her husband, having her brother, John W. Guiteau, on one side of her, and on the other side a vacant chair reserved for her other brother, the prisoner. The prisoner was exceedingly demonstrative and insisted upon interrupting the proceedings and protesting against the action of his counsel, Mr. Robinson, assigned by the court for his defence. Guiteau looked thin and haggard, and became terribly excited, refusing to keep his seat until the Deputy Marshal came behind him, and had to resort to force to prevent him from addressing the court. He early produced a roll of manuscript, or speech, as he called it, and insisted upon delivering it to the court, which, however, he was not permitted to do. Guiteau's speech has found its way into the public prints. In it he says he is charged with murdering one James A. Garfield; that nothing can be more absurd, because General Garfield died of malpractice but General Garfield, he says, was a good man, a weak politician, being President he was in a position to do vast harm to the republic, and he was doing it, by the unwise use of patronage, and the Lord and himself took the responsibility of removing him; that his duty to the Lord and to the American people overcame his personal feelings towards Gen. Garfield, and he sought to remove him. Not being a marksman, Gen. Garfield was not fatally shot, but incompetent physicians finished the work, and they, not himself, are responsible for his death. The following extract will give our readers an idea of the general character of the document:

They say I am "a distardly assassin." The word "assassin" grates on the mind, and yet some people delight in using it. Why am I an assassin any more than a man who shot another during the war? Thousands of brave boys on both sides were shot dead during the war, but no one thinks of talking about an assassination. Then it was homicide, i. e., a man was killed. But in my case the doctors killed the late President, not me; so that there is not even a homicide in this case. The President was simply shot and wounded by an insane man. The man was insane in law, because it was God's act and not his. There is not the first element of murder in this case. To constitute the crime of murder two elements must co-exist—an actual homicide, malice in law or malice in fact. The law presumes malice from the fact of the homicide. There is no homicide in this case, and therefore no malice in law. Malice, in fact, depends on the circumstances attending the homicide. Admitting that the late President died from the shot, which I deny as a matter of fact, still the circumstances attending the shooting liquidate the presumption of malice either in law or in fact. Heretofore political grievances have been adjusted by war or the ballot. Had Jefferson Davis and a dozen or two of co-traitors been shot dead in January, 1861, no doubt our late rebellion never would have been. I am a patriot to-day. I suffer in bonds as a patriot. Washington was a patriot. Grant was a patriot. Washington led the armies of the Revolution through eight years of bloody war to victory and glory. Grant led the armies of the Union to victory and glory, and to-day the nation is happy and prosperous. They raised the old war cry: "Rally round the flag, boys: rally round the flag," and thousands of the choicest sons of the republic went forth to battle, to victory or death. Washington and Grant by their valor and success in war won the admiration of mankind. To-day I suffer in bonds as a patriot because I had the inspiration and the nerve to unite a great political party, to the end that the nation might be saved another destructive war. I do not pretend war was immediate, but I do say emphatically that the bitterness in the Republican party last spring was deepening and deepening hour by hour, and that within two or three years, or less, the nation would have been in a flame of civil war. In the presence of death all hearts were hushed; contention ceased. For weeks and weeks the heart and brain of the nation centred on the sick man at the White House. At last he went the way of all flesh, and the nation was a house of mourning." The case was opened for the defence by Mr. Robinson, and asked for an extension of time, but this was promptly refused.

The attendance at the court room on Tuesday was immense, but good order was preserved. The time has been mostly spent in impanelling a jury, most of the persons summoned being disqualified by having their minds thoroughly made up. On Tuesday night the ninth juryman had been obtained. Before the trial is ended the government will offer in evidence a number of letters written by Guiteau to Gen. Garfield before the shooting, when the assassin was an applicant for a consulship. They are said to be very interesting and very important. Their existence has only lately been disclosed.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please inform me, through the columns of your paper, where the Industrial School for Girls is, and how any one would direct a letter there? And oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

The Maine Industrial School for Girls is situated at Hallowell, and a letter directed to the Managers there, would receive prompt reply. This noble institution was founded several years since by the benificence of several private individuals, and is helped year by year by the State. It has capacity for thirty-five girls, and for the most of the time during its history it has been crowded, and applications have been far in excess of accommodations. Persons interested in sending girls to the school should promptly notify the officers, treasurer or matron, and they will be served in their turn. This school is not a house of correction or a reformatory institution for confirmed criminals, but a refuge for girls between the ages of seven and fifteen, who, by force of circumstances and associations, are in manifest danger of becoming outcasts in society. Its object is to train the girls under its care for useful and respectable situations in society, and they have reared many such. We are looking every day for some philanthropic individual to come forward, and donate the funds necessary for the erection of another building.

The fishing season over, the fishermen who have sailed out of Portland are reckoning up the profits of the business. There has been 100,000 barrels of mackerel packed here this year, an increase of 20,000 over last. The business is rapidly increasing and never before has it reached such proportions as at present. An immense amount of money is invested. Among the schooners that have taken the largest fares are the Alice, Augusta C. Herrick and M. M. Chase. The other schooners have stocked all the way from $5,000 to $13,000 each for the season, dividing from $250 to $500 per man. The best trip of the season was made by the schooner Alice M. Gould, Capt. Clark Jewett, of Ferry Village. She left Portland Saturday noon, Nov. 5, and returned Thursday, Nov. 10, bringing over 45,000 pounds of fish. She went to La Havre banks, near Nova Scotia, a distance of about two hundred miles. She stocked over $1,200, dividing to each man eighty dollars, or sixteen dollars per day. This is the quickest run and most successful trip made for years.

The season which is now drawing to a close must go on record as one of strange extremes and contraries. During the summer and early fall, as is well known, large portions of the Middle states, West and South suffered from a disastrous drouth. In the first-named section this drouth has not yet been fully relieved, but in the West, especially in portions of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, rains have been so abundant as to produce almost unprecedentedly high water, with resulting widespread damage to property. In the vicinity of Oshkosh, Wis., it is said to have rained almost continually for a month, and the crops have been ruined in consequence—wheat rotting in the stack, corn spoiling in the fields, potatoes still in the ground, while at least one half of the hay stands in water from one to six feet deep. It seems to be in order to remark once more that New England isn't so bad a place to live in, after all.

It will devolve upon Gov. Plaisted to appoint for one year county officers in place of those whose term of office expires on the first of January. This is necessitated by the provisions of the constitutional amendment, recently adopted, providing for biennial elections. One county commissioner in each county will have to be appointed, to serve for one year, and sheriff, clerk of courts, &c., in several of the counties.

THE STAR ROUTE FRAUDS. The prosecution by the government of those parties who were conspicuous in the Star Route frauds has, temporarily at least, fallen through. The case was presented by attorneys on both sides. In the criminal court Thursday morning Judge Cox rendered a decision discussing principally the question as to the infamy of the crime charged. The conclusion arrived at was that the crime was infamous and that the accused should have been proceeded against by indictment. He therefore sustained the motion expelling the information from the files of the court, and ordered the discharge of the defendants. The ground of this discharge is that no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on an indictment by the grand jury, except in cases arising in the land and naval forces. There can be no inference drawn from the decision as to the guilt or innocence of the persons accused. It would indeed be "infamous" should the enormity of crime shield men from the consequences which should follow its committal, and the just punishment therefor. While it is bitterly said that the government has been sold out, and that it is destined to be sold out at every turn, in this case, we hesitate to believe it. We had much rather think that the government has blundered in the manner of bringing the case before the court, instead of seeking an indictment by the grand jury. We had rather believe the latter than to think for one moment that a pack of thieves and freebooters are able with their money to defeat justice and escape punishment. It is announced that Brady's case, and that of others, will be brought before the grand jury, and the suits pressed.

THE ELECTIONS. The statements made in our last, concerning the November elections are in the main borne out by the facts. In Massachusetts, the election was a very tame affair, and a light vote was thrown. Gov. Long, republican, was re-elected by some 43,000 majority. The legislature and the executive council are largely republican. The republicans of New York have elected the whole of their State ticket, except Treasurer, by an average of about 11,000 plurality. The officers elected are: Gen. Carr, Secretary of State; Judge Russell, Attorney General; Mr. Seymour, State Engineer; Judge Finch, Judge of the Court of Appeals. Maxwell, democrat, has a majority of nearly 22,000 over Husted, republican, for State treasurer. Husted being badly cut. The democrats have the legislature by a small majority. Official returns from every county in Pennsylvania, give Bailey, republican, for State treasurer, 7,002 plurality over Noble, democrat. In Virginia a hard battle was fought. The returns indicate that the readjusters carried the State by not less than 10,000; and that they have obtained control of the legislature, by a good working majority. New Jersey legislature is republican. Minnesota gave 35,000 republican majority. Nebraska's republican majority is 20,000, although the democrats have elected their candidates in several of the counties, and Kansas and Connecticut keep their places in the same position. Mississippi's democratic majority is about 25,000, R. Lowery being elected Governor. Wisconsin gives a republican majority of 8,000. J. M. Rusk is chosen Governor. Maryland was carried by the democrats, and T. J. Keating elected Governor.

THE GREAT DEFAULTER. Cashier Baldwin of the Newark Bank, was brought before the U. S. Commissioner's Court in Newark, on Monday. A. T. R. Martin of Martin & Runyon, Wall street brokers, produced Nugent's drafts negotiated by them for Baldwin. Nugent's counsel examined Martin to show that Baldwin had large stock transactions in other names. One account was in Baldwin's wife's name, but the amounts involved were not over $5,000. His brother Theodore the bank teller, also had an account which became so large that Oscar was notified. He appeared surprised but afterwards said it was all right. The account increased and sometimes he sent from $20,000 to $40,000 in cash for margins by a messenger and they had borrowed for him as much as ten thousand shares of stock representing a million of dollars at par. Martin finally ordered the account closed as he preferred not to have such large dealings with a person holding a position of trust. The case was then adjourned till next Saturday. The investigation shows that Baldwin was gobbled up by the stock speculators of Wall street, and like many other deluded individuals, tried to enrich himself by investments in moonshine.

ANTIQUARIAN SUPPER. Last Thursday evening the members of Cushnoc Grange, Riverside, held their annual harvest feast in a regular old-fashioned supper. A long table, running the whole length of Liberty Hall, was just groaning under the good things which the sisters of Cushnoc Grange know so well how to prepare. Everything being in readiness, Worthy Master Snell called on the gentlemen to select their partners for the supper, a request that was readily complied with, and the fullest justice was done to the supper. From the attack made upon the good things, our correspondent judged that the brethren needed to display the sign of caution. After every one present had satisfied the wants of the inner man, the fragments were gathered up and given to the needy poor. After supper the time was spent in social intercourse and amusements in which all participated, and every one went home feeling that the social element in the Grange is one of its best and most wholesome features. This Grange has a library of about two hundred volumes, and is in every respect one of the best working Granges in the State.

POLITICAL. On Thursday, a meeting of the republican State committee was held at Portland. Hon. James G. Blaine, who has been the Kennebec member of the committee for nearly twenty-five years, and for nearly all that time its chairman, sent in his resignation, which was accepted, and a complimentary resolution passed. Hon. Wm. P. Frye was chosen chairman. Joseph H. Manley, Esq., was chosen member of the committee from Kennebec county. Hon. Frederic Robie of Gorham, was chosen Treasurer. The chairman announced the following executive committee to have the entire management of the campaign of 1882: Fred N. Dow, Portland; George C. Wing, Auburn; J. W. Wakefield, Bath; Joseph H. Manley, Augusta; C. A. Boutelle, Bangor. It was voted that the next State convention be holden at Portland in the month of June next, the date to be fixed by the executive committee.

MAINE HORSES IN NOVA SCOTIA. We are glad to know that the reputation of our Maine bred horses is sustained abroad, not only in the United States, but in the Queen's Dominion. At the Dominion Fair at Halifax, N. S., Sept. 21st to 30th, '81, there was awarded on brood mares with foal by side $45.00 first premium. This was taken by mare "Trinket" and foal owned by C. W. Anderson of Halifax. This mare was by "Dirigo" bred in Maine, her foal by Lothair, jr. Lothair, jr., is owned by J. T. Fogg, Garland, Maine, and is one of the best stallions in this State. There were a large number of competitors for this premium and the amountof money offered drew the best foals.

Another fanatic has had a revelation from "God Almighty in a dream that he should kill Jay Gould." The scamp sent Gould a letter to that effect. Then came blackmail suggestions that God would spare Gould for a consideration paid over to his vicegerent, the blackmailer. The business of the latter was done through the mail, and detectives were brought into requisition, resulting in the arrest of a gray-haired sinner of 60 years, calling himself "Colonel J. Howard Miller." The Colonel is now in custody, and is "distressed." If such scamps as Guiteau and Miller escape on the insanity dodge, revelations from the same pit of damning darkness may be expected to increase.

INSOLVENCY. Warren C. Waterhouse of Gardiner, and Geo. A. Waldron of West Waterville, have received a full discharge from all their debts provable under the insolvency law. Henry Farrington of Gardiner, has been appointed Assignee on the insolvent estate of Joshua K. Osgood of that city; and A. G. Andrews of Augusta, has been appointed Assignee on the insolvent estate of Fred A. Jackson of Winthrop.

Willard Jackson, one of the active citizens of Centre Sidney, gave a husking a few weeks since, and after the festivities had begun, his mother, who is 83 years of age, joined in the dance, and surprised all by her friskiness. In the giddy dance she seemed to be as lively as the youngest.

John Merryman, ex-State Treasurer of Maryland, and President of the National Agricultural Association, died Tuesday at Baltimore, aged 57.

PENOBSCOT FARMERS' CLUB. We learn from the Bangor *Whig* that the Penobscot Farmers' Club met at East Eddington, Tuesday, Nov. 1, President E. H. Gregory in the chair, who called the meeting to order with a few remarks appropriate to the occasion. Elijah Comins, Esq., of East Eddington, gave the Club a very cordial welcome in his happy and pleasant manner, in behalf of the Farmers' Club of that town, which was responded to in behalf of the Penobscot Farmers' Club by the Secretary, J. E. Shaw.

Question for discussion—What are the benefits to be derived by farming?

Discussion opened by Lawrence Copeland, of Holden, who said: It appears to me that the certainty the farmer has of a livelihood is one great benefit which cannot be said of any of the many other branches of business that men are interested in. We know there are not many great fortunes in it. Mr. Holyoke of Brewer, said: I would impress upon the members of the Club the necessity of giving the subject of agriculture more thought and study, that we may be better prepared to meet the wants of life. We find agriculture praised by both prose and poetry, and there cannot be too much praise bestowed upon it, for it is a business that gives us the satisfaction of knowing that we are producing something that is required by all. C. Comins, 2d, of East Eddington, said: I cannot help make much talk in the Club, but if they will come to my house, I can talk with them. I have taken great interest in the meetings of the Club, have got many good ideas that were a benefit to me, and I have got some that were not so good, and in some cases proved an injury. If farmers would visit each other more and learn how they cultivate their crops and raise their fine stock, I think they would be benefitted. Dea. Copeland, of Holden, said: I think most farmers should take more interest in growing corn, for I consider it a profitable crop, but do not think it best to plant very thick. Elijah Comins, of East Eddington, said: One of the great benefits the farmer receives is the satisfaction of watching his growing crops, and he can enjoy this through the year, and when he gathers in his crops he can enjoy the pleasure of knowing that he has plenty of bread, vegetables, and fruit, to supply the wants of his family, and keep the monster, grim hunger, from his door. Let us look over this vast country and see what a large proportion of the most prominent men and women passed their childhood days on the farm and enjoyed the benefits that a life on the farm gives.

Henry Farrington, H. M. Smith, Dea. George, Mr. Clewley, H. M. Shaw, and others, took part in the discussion. The Penobscot Farmers' Club will hold a Farmers' Institute at East Orrington, on Wednesday, Nov. 16, at ten o'clock A. M. The meeting will not be postponed on account of the weather. There will be a picnic dinner. All are invited to attend.

Question—What method shall the farmers of Penobscot county take to improve their dairy stock. Discussion opened by H. M. Smith, of East Orrington.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL NEWS. About thirty thousand pounds of wool were shipped from Strong, one day last week.——Owing to the light potato crop there is more fall ploughing being done in Aroostook county than for the past five years. Thus the farmers will be repaid in a measure for the short crop they so much deplore.——Mr. Lorenzo Dow, Belfast's egg man, has bought the present year between 60,000 and 70,000 dozens of eggs, for which he has paid from thirteen to twenty-six cents per dozen. The eggs are shipped to Boston and Providence.——Messrs. Daggett of Strong have engaged the material for the construction of their proposed corn factory in that town.——C. H. Young of Limerus keeps five cows that yielded, during the five months ending Sept. 30, eight and one half tons of milk, for which he received at the cheese factory $170. This was exclusive of milk and butter required to supply a family of seven persons.——There were shipped from Houlton station, last week, by G. W. Maxfield, 1909 sheep. They were obtained from the upper Aroostook.——A farm was sold in Castle Hill, Aroostook, this fall to the fourteenth owner, while two of the adjoining lots, are owned by the same men who bought the land of the State.——At the annual meeting of the Boothbay Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, 5th inst., the following officers were chosen: N. S. Baker, President; N. C. Reed, John McFarland, Vice Presidents; B. F. Cox, Secretary; Benjamin S. Emerson, General Agent. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Thomas P. Boyd, Esq., the retiring President, for the able and impartial manner in which he had conducted the affairs of the Club for the past eight years. It was also voted to hold weekly meetings during the winter.——At the annual meeting of the Lincoln Agricultural and Horticultural Society, held at Damariscotta, last week, the following officers were elected: President, Hon. Henry Ingalls, Wiscasset; Vice Presidents, Franklin Clark, Damariscotta; Thomas Boyd, Boothbay; H. J. A. Simmons, Waldoboro, Samuel Kennedy, Whitefield; David Chamberlain, Bristol; Trustees, George Winslow, Waldoboro; Harvey Hitchcock, Damariscotta; John Avery, Whitefield; Secretary, E. W. Dunbar, Damariscotta; Treasurer, Lyman H. Winslow, Nobleboro; Auditor, Hon. Edwin Flye, Damariscotta.——Mr. George Hurd, of Winterport, says: "I resolved last spring to salt my seed potatoes, but the neighbors said they would not grow. So I divided the field into three equal sections. On two of these I dropped the seed and also a handful of salt on each; on the other no salt was used. In the fall we found that the potatoes on the sections salted rotted less, were larger and better every way."

WELD ITEMS. Mr. D. S. Witham has a thorough-bred Durham cow sired by Matadore, formerly owned by Levi A. Dow of Waterville, that girths 6 ft. 8 in., a very fine animal. In December last she dropped a heifer calf that now measures 4 ft. 10 in., a nice shaped animal. She now, Nov. 5th, has a calf by her side something more than a week old. Mr. W.'s flock of sheep, about 70 in number, averaged a trifle over 6 lbs. of washed wool. He has Spanish merino, grade Texel, Cotswold and Southdown bucks that look well and give good records at the shearing table. Maj. Phillips and son raised this year from two acres 70 bushels of nice wheat. Mr. P. has raised his own bread and something more, since he has been on the farm where he now lives, some thirty years. Chas. E. Scammond had the present season ten acres of wheat, from which he hopes for something towards 200 bushels. Mr. S. has a nice grade Durham cow, which has a heifer calf five and one half months old, that measures 4½ feet. A yearling steer, from the same cow, one year old last May, that measures plump 6 feet. He showed me a coarse wooled buck that weighs 220 lbs., a good moulded animal. J. T. Witham has a good farm team, consisting of a nicely-matched pair of oxen, something less than seven feet, and two pairs of two years old steers, one pair of which are six feet and four or five inches. Weld Village is materially improving as shown by the number of new buildings erected within a few years past. Much of the prosperity of the place is due to the spool factory of Austin & Sanborn, which has been in operation for some fifteen years. In connection with the spool business, large quantities of dowels are manufactured from what would otherwise be waste timber. Salt boxes are also manufactured by the same firm. A machine shop is run in connection with the factory. Mr. Austin, the senior partner of the firm, has perfected machinery for the manufacture of hollow ribbon blocks which he has patented. These blocks are manufactured of poplar wood, and are very neat as well as light. The Dummer Bros. the past season started a new enterprise in the way of a canning establishment, at which corn, damsons, plums and green peas were put up. The peas were raised by themselves, something more than 100 bushels of pods as picked from the vines. It is contemplated to enlarge the capacity of the factory before the canning season another year.

THE GEORGIA COTTON EXPOSITION. The management of the cotton exposition at Atlanta, Ga., has named November 30, as drummer's day. The national convention of commercial travellers will meet that day. November 28, will be firemen's day, and December 9, mayor and ex-mayors' day, at which time mayors and ex-mayors of cities in the United States and Canada will be expected.

On Tuesday Frank M. Fletcher of Belmont, was very severely and dangerously injured at Belfast, in consequence of a fall from a loaded jigger. Mr. Fletcher fell in front of the load and was rolled over and over on the frozen ground before the frightened horses could be stopped. No bones were broken, but he was injured internally.

Col. Chas. Worthington, the Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, has resigned on account of the pressure of his private business. He will be succeeded by J. R. Dodge, who held the office under the administration of President Grant.

City News.

It shows good oversight and good workmanship when the goods produced at the workshop connected with the Kennebec jail bring nearly as much in the market as custom made goods. But that is the fact.——Everybody is now in the banking business, and the spruce dealers with loads of evergreen are making their best boughs to the public.——The unsightly telegraph poles, placed on Water street without the least authority from the city, are to be removed.——Drs. Lancaster and Crooker have obtained letters patent on their camp stove.——A Farmington Falls correspondent of the Farmington *Chronicle* writes that paper: "The late Hon. Wm. T. Johnson of Augusta, in his youthful days lived many years in this village with his widowed mother, Aunt Mary Johnson, as we then called her. She was a Christain woman and well beloved by all."——On Saturday last a fine schooner of six hundred tons burthen was launched at the yard of Mr. J. Manchester Haynes in Wiscasset. Mr. Haynes has employed a large number of men at his yard the past season, and has turned out some fine vessels.——Mr. John Haggerty of Bangor, died at the Insane Hospital last week, having been there but a short time. Mr. Haggerty had been in the employ of the Bangor Foundry and Machine Co. for twenty-four years previous to his sad affliction.——Another old sign on Water street is to be taken down. B. Libby & Co., who have been in the grocery business for more than thirty-five years, have sold out their establishment to Mr. S. F. Eaton of Bangor, formerly conductor on the night Pullman cars on the Maine Central.——Mr. James E. Devine has disposed of his entire interest in the drug stand he has for some time occupied. We trust he will not make business arrangements that will lead to his removal from the city.——The fall term of eight weeks in District No. 13 closed last Friday. Scholars who were neither absent nor tardy through the term: Bertha A. Whitten, Nellie F. Whitten, Ida M. Whitten, Harry C. Nutting, Ellis E. Nutting, Arthur Whitten. The following were absent but one half day: E. Louise Rockwood, Ida L. Philbrook, Alonzo Whitten, and Frank D. Whitten.——The fiftieth anniversary of the First Baptist church, last Sabbath, was a pleasant occasion. The pastor, Rev. H. W. Tilden, preached a historical discourse, giving an interesting running history of the church, which is so closely identified with the history of the town. During the half century the church has had sixteen pastors and stated supplies. The total number baptized into the fellowship of the church is 332; whole number ever received as members, 575. At the present time there are 217 communicants. The church has licensed eight of its members to preach. Between $50,000 and $100,000 has been raised and expended by the society.——On Saturday, a brief but quite severe snow squall covered the earth with its winter mantle, the remnants of which still remain in shady places and on the hillsides.——In three years our Universalist friends will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of their church.——John Morrisey, a young man formerly of this city, on the 5th met with a horrible death at Denison's paper mill in Canton. He accidentally fell into a tank filled with caustic liquid, made of soda-ash, lime and boiling water, and used to dissolve wood to a pulp. He was fairly eaten up with the liquid, and lived but a short time. His body was brought to this city for interment.——The Grayson Opera Company, on Friday evening, performed the new opera, "The Mascot," to a fine house, at Granite Hall. The acting was good, the costumes elegant, and the singing above the average of travelling companies. The same company presented the opera of "Patience," on Saturday evening, which is pronounced as inferior to the "Mascot."——Yesterday, Mr. Wm. H. Libby, agent for the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine, paid over to the Executrix of the estate of the late Wm. T. Johnson, fifteen hundred dollars, or more, being the amount of a life policy issued by that company. Promptness in settling claims is eminently characteristic of this excellent and ever reliable company.——The case of Powers of Hallowell, against Capt. Mitchell of this city, is well known to our readers. It was for damages received by a collision of teams, and two long trials have already been had. In the first the jury disagreed; in the second trial, the verdict was in favor of Capt. Mitchell. The counsel for Powers appealed to the fall bench, which has just rendered its decision, granting a new trial, and the entire details of the affair must be gone through with again. It is not improbable that the trial may be ordered in another county.——The executors of the estate of the late L. W. Lithgow, have paid over to the city the magnificent bequest of twenty thousand dollars, for the library fund. It would be convenient for the city to use the money for municipal purposes, and pay the interest which is specified in the will. As Augusta is the residuary legatee, more funds are expected from the same source.——Mr. Charles B. Caldwell, of San Francisco, Cal., who holds a responsible position in the Pacific R. R. Co., son of the late Hon. Sylvanus Caldwell, is on a visit to his mother and other friends in this city, his first visit here for eight years. He is looking well and hearty.——Travelling is about as bad as it can be in this vicinity.——People must be prepared to pay more for their Thanksgiving supplies this year than last. The inevitable turkey will come into market, leaner than formerly on account of the high price of grain, during the fattening season. In large lots they will probably sell from 14 to 16 cents a pound, and retail at the stores for a shilling or twenty cents a pound. Potatoes and cranberries are quite high; squash, turnips, and other articles entering into a Thanksgiving dinner, may be obtained at a reasonable figure; and while we think of it, just remember the poor neighbor who but for your kindly acts, may be without a Thanksgiving turkey or chicken.——One of our citizens has had passed upon him a counterfeit five dollar bill of the State National Bank (letter A) of Troy, N. Y. There may have been others passed in this city and vicinity.——On Tuesday, Frederick Columbo of Chelsea, was arraigned before U. S. Commissioner Badger, for selling liquor without paying U. S. special tax. He was tried yesterday, and committed until the December term of the U. S. District Court at Portland, first Tuesday of December. Cornelius O'Connor of Chelsea, was arraigned yesterday on the same charge, and committed to await a hearing next Friday. U. S. Attorney Lunt, appeared for the government in the Columbo case.

COLLISION AT SEA. Saturday evening the schooner Amos Walker came into collision with the brig Jeremiah, near Minot's Ledge and both were sunk. The schooner was commanded by Captain Frank Poland of Friendship, Me., and hailed from Thomaston, was loaded with 558 tons of coal from Richmond, Va., for Boston. She was owned by Thos. Dunn & Co. The brig was commanded by Capt. Shephard Blanchard and loaded with 425 tons of coal from Delaware City for Boston, and owned by R. P. Buck & Co., of New York. The captains of the two crafts fail to tell the same story. Poland says he saw the light of the brig, and thought she was going the way of his vessel, but soon the crash came. The captain, mate and second mate sprung upon the brig, but three sailors, fell into the sea. The night was dark and cloudy and it was supposed they were drowned, but they managed to get into the vessel's boat, and were saved. The brig did not sink.

The St. John Telegraph speaks of the visit of State Superintendent of schools, Luce, to the Educational office at Fredericton. He desired to ascertain fully the means by which New Brunswick is securing for her people more regular schools, better trained teachers, and a better range of instruction throughout the country districts than the State of Maine. In company with the Chief Superintendent, Dr. Rand, and Principal Crocket, they carefully observed the work of the Model Schools. They expressed themselves in terms of warm admiration of the course of instruction and system of occupation.

Scrofulous humors.—The Vegetine has cured many cases of Scrofula of five, ten and twenty years' standing, where the patient has many physicans, tried many of the known remedies; and after trying the VEGETINE, the common remark is, "it acts differently, works differently, from any medicines I have ever taken." VEGETINE will cleanse scrofula from the system. Try it.

Kennebec County News.

W. B. A. Jurgens of Massachusetts, connected with a large wholesale firm, has purchased in Manchester, Readfield, Belgrade and vicinity, 2500 barrels of Baldwin apples, at $3 cash. He was glad to get them at that price.——The ladies connected with the Friends' society in Manchester, have been sending forward bed quilts and clothing to the Kansas refugees. Charles Jones, a former citizen of the town, a well known Friend preacher, now of East Ware, N. H., has recently been holding meetings at Manchester, Baileyville and vicinity.——After a very successful musical convention at Waterville, those present organized the Kennebec Musical Association, having for its object the sustaining of an annual convention. The following officers were chosen: President, Rev. E. N. Smith, of Waterville; Vice Presidents, C. C. Hunt of Augusta, W. R. Pinkham of West Waterville, B. C. Torsey of Winthrop; Secretary and Treasurer, E. O. Robinson of Waterville; Executive Committee, H. Purington, M. E. Chase, R. W. Dunn of Waterville, W. H. Emery of Fairfield, Harry Kimball of Skowhegan.——Elder Pentecost of Windsor, met with a sad accident recently. Some part of the carriage in which he was riding broke, and the spirited horse which he was driving, became frightened and ran, throwing Mr. Pentecost violently to the ground, fracturing one of his legs, and injuring him severely in other respects.——James McKenney of Clinton, while riding on a load, in consequence of the breeching giving away, the wagon was let upon the horse's heels. The horse commenced to kick, hitting Mr. McKenney, who had fallen from the wagon. He was seriously injured internally.——Mr. George Flood of Waterville, fell through the floor of the loft of his building Wednesday evening, but though stunned for a while was not seriously injured.——The Boston *Post* says that Miss Mamie Johnson of Gardiner, has signed an engagement to sing in twenty concerts in Massachusetts cities. Miss Johnson has a fine contralto voice.——Everett Flood, M. D., a graduate of Colby '79, and of Bowdoin (Medical College) '81, has received the position of Assistant Physician in the Worcester Lunatic Hospital of Mass.,—salary $1000 per annum.——The fall term of Oak Grove Seminary closed Nov. 11. Prize declamations, occurred Thursday evening, Nov. 10. Seminary Hall was full. Eight young ladies, and eight young gentlemen contended for the prizes, which were awarded as follows: The first among the ladies was given to Mary E. Dunlap of Riverside, second to Lillian M. Dore of Dover. Among the gentlemen, Eugene W. Jewett of Sidney, received the first, O. A. Meader of Albion the second. The judges were Revs. Bill, Boynton, and Tunnecliff.——Mr. Fred Lynn, overseer of the Home Farm at Togus, Soldiers' Home, informs the Gardiner *Reporter* that the productions of the farm for the past season are as follows: Three hundred tons of hay, seven hundred and twenty-five bushels potatoes, thirty tons mangle wurtzel beets, five tons blood beets, fifteen tons carrots, thirty tons cabbage, twelve-hundred bushels oats. The amount of potatoes raised this year is far below the average crops of former years, when several thousands bushels have been raised instead of the few hundred for this year.——Concerning the ice business in the vicinity of Gardiner, Fred Berry has shipped all the ice from his Dresden houses. Work has been commenced on the new ice house for Haynes & DeWitt, of Augusta, at Iceboro. It will have a capacity of 30,000 tons, and will be filled this winter. The Centennial Co. have shipped most of their ice, some 4000 or 5000 tons remaining, and will ship the whole of it if the river does not freeze up before they can get vessels to do it.——Salim Heskmeh, an Arab Sheik from the land of Moab, but whose home is now on Mount Zion, (Jerusalem) has arrived at China on a visit to Friend Eli Jones. He is accompanied by his cousin Joseph, from Ramaliah, (the Rama of the days of Samuel,) the Judge and Prophet of Israel. They both dress in full Arab costume. Their brother Jacob Hishmeh is a member of the Friends' church at Mt. Lebanon (Syria) and fills a responsible position in the Friends' school there. The history of Salim is

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 2204; sheep and lambs, 3140; swine, 15,-120; veals, 65; number of western cattle, 1854; northern and eastern cattle, 350.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, $6 50—@7 25; first, $5 75@6 37½; second, $5 25@5 50; third, $4 37½@5 12½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 12½@4 25.

Brighton Hides—8c per lb.
Brighton Tallow—8c per lb.
Country Hides—7½c per lb.
Country Tallow—5c per lb.
Calf Skins—12@12½c per lb.
Sheep and Lamb Skins 75c @$1 25 each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By	Number.	Pr. per 100 lbs live wt.	Live wt.	Average weight
E. Farrell	5	6 25	L. W.	1200
do	3	5 75	"	1100
do	2	5 50	"	1075
C. Leavitt & Son	18	7 10	"	1306
do	17	7 05	"	1420
do	7	6 40	"	1200
do	10	6 25	"	1245
do	11	6 00	"	1200
do	5	4 75	"	1000
J. Stetson & Co.	7	5 25	"	1120
A. N. Monroe	16	6 75	"	1248
do	17	4 75	"	1032
do	16	7 00	"	1491
do	16	6 50	"	1425
do	17	6 75	"	1512
do	16	6 25	"	1332
do	17	4 25	"	937
do	15	4 50	"	1025
do	18	4 75	"	1152
do	16	5 05	"	1006
do	15	6 15	"	1169

The trade for Beef Cattle has not been much different from that of one week ago. Many of the Cattle were bought up by shippers to be dressed and sent per steamers to the English markets. Prices remain unchanged for butchers' Cattle, ranging in most instances from 5@7c per lb live weight. The quality of the Beeves in the market for sale was of a better grade than those in one week ago. The demand for Milch Cows has been fairly active, and good prices have been realized for most grades this week.

Working oxen—Sales of 1 pr girth 6ft 2in 2200, at $85; 1 pr girth 6 ft. 8 in, live weight 2700 lbs, $125; 1 pr girth 6 ft 6 in. live weight 2300 lbs, $117 50. There has been a moderate demand for Workers.

Store Cattle—Yearlings, $11@15; 2 year olds, $16@27; 3 year olds, $25@45 per head. We quote sales of twelve two year old Steers and Heifers sold at $18@20 per head; 7 two year old at $17 each; 4 two year old Steers at $80 the lot.

Milch Cows—Extra $65@$70; ordinary $20@$60; springers $18@$60; farrow cows $17@$28 per head. We note sales of 15 Cows and springers at $31@55 each; 19 Milch Cows at $30@75 each; 4 springers at $40 each; 1 do at $30; 2 springers for $90; 1 new milch Cow 60.

Sheep and Lambs—Those from the West were owned by G. W. Hollis, Esq., who will soon be having large lots each week from that section. Those from the West this week cost from 5¼@6¼c per lb landed at Brighton.

Swine—Fat Hogs—Prices 6¼@7¼ per lb live weight. Store Pigs sell dull at prices ranging from 7@10c per lb live weight, or at $2 00@5 50 per head.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.

APPLES—Green $2 50@3 00 per bbl.
BARLEY—60@65c.
BEANS—Pea beans $3 00@3 25; Yellow Eyes $2 00@2 25.
BUTTER—Good Butter sells for 25@30c.
CHEESE—New 12@13c.
COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 90 per hundred.
EGGS—25@28c per dozen.
FLOUR—$8 50@10 50 per bbl.
GRAIN—Corn 88@90c; oats 50@55.
HAY—$12 00@16 00; pressed $18@20.
HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 20@23 per box.
HIDES AND SKINS—Hides 7@9c, dividing on 90 pounds; lamb skins 50@75c; calf skins 12c; deacons 25@35c; shearlings 15 @20c.
LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 25 per cask; cement $2 00.
LARD—13½@16c.
MEAL—Corn 85@85c; rye $1 15@1 25.
PRODUCE—Potatoes, 75@85 per bushel; onions $1 00@1 25 per bushel; cabbages $1.00 per bbl.
PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 11½@12—c; beef per side 7½@8¼c; ham 12@13—c; fowls 10@12c; lamb 6@8c; mutton 9@10c; spring chickens 15@17c; round hog 8@8½; sausages 12@14c.
SHORTS—$28@30 per ton.
SUPERPHOSPHATE—Sells at 2½@3c per lb. in packages, $40@50 per ton.
GROUND PLASTER—Sells at $5 50@6 00 per ton.
WOOL—Washed 30@34c; unwashed 25@ 26c.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.

APPLES—Evaporated, 14@15; dried Western, 6¼@7; do Eastern, 6¼@7; per bbl. 2 50@2 75; cooking, $1 25@1 50.
BUTTER—22@25c for choice family; Vermont 28@30c per lb.
BEANS—Pea $3 00@3 50; Yellow Eyes $2 50@2 62.
CHEESE—Me. and Vermont Factory 12½ @14¾c; skim cheese 7¼@8¼c.
COAL—Stove and Egg $6 50@7 00.
FLOUR—Superfine $5 75@6 25; Spring X and XX $7 25@7 75; Michigan Winter X and XX $7 75@8 00; Common Michigan, $7 00@7 25; St. Louis winter best $8 25 @8 50.
FISH—Cod Ship's $4 25@4 50; Shore $4 25 @4 50; Herring $3 75@4 50; Scaled per bx 2 2@28c; Mackerel per bbl. Shore No. 2 $9 00@10 00.
GRAIN—Corn, car lots 80c; bag lots 83c per bushel; oats 55c; fine feed $26 00@27 00 per ton; rye $1 30; shorts $26 00@30 00 per ton.
LARD—Per tierce 12¾@12¼c per lb; per tub 12¾@12¼c; pail 13@13¾.
PROVISIONS—Beef side 6@6½ and 7@10c; mutton 0@0c; spring chickens 12@14; turkeys 14@16c; eggs 20@27c; potatoes 85@90 per bushel; Chicago extra beef $12 25@12-50; pork backs $22 25@22 50; clear $21 25 @21 50; mess $19 50@20 00; hams 12@12 ¾c per lb.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 15.

BEEF CATTLE—Receipts 1,429 head; sales of Beef Cattle—choice at $8 50@9 50; extra at $7 00@8 00; first quality at $6 00 @6 50; second quality at $5 00@5 50; third quality at $4 00@4 50.
STORE CATTLE—Working Oxen per pair at $100@167; milch cows and calves at $30@48; yearling $7@12; two years, $13@ 24; three years, $20@44; farrow cows, $15@30; fancy cows $50@67.
SWINE—Western fat swine, live, 6½@ 7c; Northern dressed hogs at 8¼c.
SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts 7,567 head; supply is heavy; sales of sheep in lots $2 50@4 50 each; extra $5 00@5 75; spring lambs 4@5 75; Veal calves 4@8.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.

APPLES—Sweet, $1 25@2 25; cooking $1 25@2 50; Baldwin No. 1, $2 50@2 75.
BEANS—Yellow Eyes $2 00@2 10 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $2 50@2 75.
BUTTER—Best, 25@27c per lb; fair to good, 23@25c per lb.
EGGS—27c per doz.
GRAIN—Oats 48@50c per bush; corn 83c.
HAY—$14@17 per ton; pressed $15@18.
POTATOES—Best Early Rose, 90@95c. per bush.
PROVISIONS—Pork, country clear 12c; western clear 11c per lb; chickens 12@14c; turkeys, 17c.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.

Money loaned at 5@6 on call, and closed at 5. Prime Mercantile paper, 6@7. Exchange strong—80¼ for long and 84¾ for short. Governments steady for ex-6's and 5's, and ¼ higher for 4½'s and 4's. State bonds light request. Railroad bonds irregular on moderate volume of business.

Transactions, 200,727 shares.

Closing bids:

United States Sixes, 1881, (reg.)		101¾
" " "	(coup.)	101¾
" " New 5's (reg.)		102
" " "	(coup.)	102
" " New 4½ (reg.)		113¾
" " "	(coup.)	113¾
" " New 4's (reg.)		117
" " "	(coup.)	117
" " Pacific 6's '95.		130

Chicago Cattle Market.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.

Hogs—Receipts 23,000 head; shipments 2,900; active and 5@6c. higher; common and light 6 00@6 20; mixed packing at 5 90 @6 40; heavy at 6 40@6 85; culls and grassers at 4 50@5 50.

Cattle—Receipts 5000 head; shipments 1300 head; strong and 10 higher; exports 6 20@7 00; common choice shipping 5 00@ 6 25.

Sheep—Receipts 2000 head; shipments 200 head; steady; choice 4 95; poor to good 2 75@4 50.

AN ALARMING DISEASE AFFLICTING A NUMEROUS CLASS.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted one drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; and, if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the sides and back? Is there a fulness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly colored, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulency or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty, brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is the "Shaker Extract of Roots," a vegetable preparation, put up by the Shakers of Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., and sold by A. J. White, 54 Warren street, New York city. This syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system. Mr. L. H. Titcomb, Druggist, Augusta, Me., will gladly furnish the reader with the "Life Among the Shakers" as a free gift. It will tell you how the Shakers live, what they do and what they believe. Agents wanted in places outside the large cities where we have none. Terms can be obtained from the above address. 41ef7

Boston Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.

FLOUR—We quote sales at $4 75@5 25 for Western Superfine; $5 75@6 00 for common extras; $5 75@7 00 for Wisconsin extras; and $6 00@7 75 per bbl. for Minnesota extras, including choice baker's brands; winter wheats are selling at $6 75@ $7 25 for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and $7 25@8 00 for Illinois and St. Louis; spring wheat patents are selling at $8 00@ 9 00, and winter wheats at $7 50@8 50 per bbl. Corn Meal has been selling at $3 25@ 3 30 per bbl. Rye Flour sells at $6 00@ 6 50 per bbl. In Oat Meal sales have been at $6 75@7 75 per bbl. for common and fancy Western.

GRAIN—Corn firm, and prices lower; we quote No. 2 and high mixed at 75@76c; steamer corn at 74@75c; Oats are in fair demand. The sales for No. 1 and extra white have been at 55@57c; No. 2 white at 54½@55c; No. 3 white 52½@53c; and No. 2 mixed 50@51 per bushel. Shorts and Fine Feed have been selling at $18 00@ 19 00, and Middlings at $22 50@25 per ton.

PROVISIONS—There is no change in pork with steady demand, with sales at $16 50@ 17 00 for prime; $18 00@18 50 for mess; and $20 00@22 50 for clear, including backs. Beef sells at $10 00@11 00 per bbl. for mess, $12 00@13 00 for extra mess, and $14 50@16 00 per bbl. for extra plate and family. Lard is dull. Sales at 11¾@12¼c per lb., for city and Western. Smoked Hams are selling at 11@12¼c per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—In butter sales, Western and Northern creameries have been at 33@35c for choice and 25@30c per lb. for fair and good; New York and Vermont dairy at 24 @32c for choice and 18@24c for fair and good; Western dairy packed at 24@25c for choice and 18@23c for fair and good; and Western ladle packed at 19@20c for choice and 16@18c for fair and good. Cheese is in demand. Sales of choice at 12¼@13¼c; fair to good at 11@12c and common and skim at 7@9c per lb. Eggs have been selling at 26@28c per doz. for Eastern Vermont and New York; 26@27c for Canada and P. E. Island, and 26c for Western. Pea Beans have been selling at $3 35@ 3 40 per bushel; mediums at $3 35@3 40 for choice, but $3.50 is now an outside price; and Yellow Eyes at $2.50@2.60 per bush. Red Kidneys are quiet at $2.65@ $2.75 per bush. Peas are in fair demand at $1@1.10 per bush. for choice Canada. Potatoes are in good demand, and prices are steady. We quote Aroostook Rose at 90@90c; Maine Central and Northern Rose at 75@90c; Jacksons and Prollifics at 85c, and Peerless at 85@80c per bush. In Sweet Potatoes the sales have been at $3.75@4.25 per bbl. for Norfolk and Jersey. Onions have been in demand at $3@3.25 per bbl. Apples are in good supply, and range from $1.50@2.50 for common and good, and $3 @3 50 for choice Baldwins. Poultry is arriving more freely, and prices range from 12@20c per lb. for common and choice turkeys and chickens.

HAY. There is a very firm feeling for choice Hay, and prices have advanced. The sales of choice have been at $23@24 and ordinary grades range from $18@22 per ton. Rye Straw is dull at $21@22 per ton.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.

WOOL. There is a very firm feeling for Wool of all kinds, with a good demand, particularly for fine fleeces and desirable lots of medium. The sales of the week have been 2,500,000 lbs, and include Ohio and Pennsylvania X at 45@44c: XX and XX and above at 44@45; and medium and No. 1 Ohio at 50@50c per lb. In Michigan fleeces the sales have been at 41@42½c, and from at these prices for desirable X, and medium and No. 1 at 45@47—c per lb. Unwashed wools have been in demand and the sales have been to some extent, and include low and coarse at 18@24c. and fine at 25@33c. and medium at 25@35c. per lb, the latter price for choice selections. Combing and delaine selections are firm and have been in demand at 47@50c. for fine delaine and No. 1 combing. Coarse and medium unwashed combing are in moderate request at 25@27c. for coarse and 30@32c. for medium. California Wool is quiet and fall is quite unsalable except at low prices. Pulled Wools are firm at 40@35c. for low supers, 38@43c. for good supers, and 45@50c for choice Eastern and Maine. Extra pulled has been selling at 39@42½c per lb. as to quality.

M. Gambetta, now the leader of the French people, on Tuesday in the chamber of Deputies, explained the policy of the Ministry. He said: "We desire a policy which will advance gradually and wisely toward reform. We rely on finding a majority which will afford us its frank support in both chambers and upon disciplined public service. We propose to reform the judicial system, perfect national education and complete military legislation. We wish by means of treaties to extend our commercial relations. We wish to strictly follow the provisions of the concordat and to maintain peace at home and abroad. These reforms will suffice us and enable us to reach a fresh stage of progress."

A CASE "GIVEN OVER TO DIE."

The following report of a case in which, to all appearances, the patient was beyond the reach of curative agencies, is one among the many surprising results which are continually attending the use of Compound Oxygen: "The last Home Treatment that I ordered from you," (writes a physican in Vermont,) "She was given over to die by her old physician (who has treated her for twenty-two years) and friends. I was called to see her when she could not speak a loud word, or lift her head from the pillow; could take no food except a little beef-tea. I sent to you for a Home Treatment of Oxygen and your advice. She has been steadily improving; she is around the house seeing to her household affairs. Her neighbors say that if she gets well there is no need of any one's dying." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1110 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

are offered by the publishers of the *Youth's Companion* for the two best short stories for young people. The *Companion* gives more than two hundred stories, yearly, by the most noted authors, besides one thousand articles on topics of interest, anecdotes, sketches of travel, poems, puzzles, incidents, humorous and pathetic. It comes every week, is handsomely illustrated, and is emphatically a paper for the whole family.

Coal Oil or Petroleum may be very nice for illuminating or lubricating purposes, but surely it is not the proper thing to cure a cough with. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is looked upon as the standard Cough remedy.

Old Mr. Brown, seventy years old, says he could not live with any degree of comfort if it was not for the "ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT." He has suffered for the past ten years with Kidney Troubles, but now feels like a new man.

My husband had drunken habits he could not overcome until Parker's Ginger Tonic took away his thirst for stimulants, restored his old energy of mind and nerves, and gave him strength to attend to business—Cincinati Lady.

An Interesting Account!

Stone in the Bladder Expelled by Using Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy."

Mr. S. W. Hicks, of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., the son of Mr. E. S. Hicks, whose name may have appeared in this journal in connection with an article similar to this, was, like his father, afflicted with Stone in the Bladder, only that his case was more serious than his father's. On the appearance of the disease the father advised the son to write to Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y. who, he said, would tell him what to do. Dr. Kennedy replied, suggesting the use of "Kennedy's Favorite Remedy," which had worked so successfully in the father's case. Mr. Hicks, who had been assured by the local physicians that they could do nothing more for him, tried "Favorite Remedy" at a venture. After two week's use of it he passed a stone ¾ of an inch long and of the thickness of a pipe-stem. Since then he has had no symptoms of the return of the trouble. Here is a sick man healed. What better results could have been expected? What greater benefit could medical science confer? The end was gained; that is surely enough. Dr. Kennedy assures the public, by a reputation which he cannot afford to forfeit or imperil, that the "Favorite Remedy" does invigorate the Blood, cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder complaints, as well as all those diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females. "Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy" for sale by all druggists. 1m50

Special Notices.

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream of Tartar, imported exclusively for this powder from the Wine districts of France. Always uniform and wholesome. Sold only in cans by all Grocers. A pound can mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 60 cents. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 171 Duane St., New York. Most cheap powders contain alum; dangerous to health; avoid them, especially when offered loose or in bulk. 1y29

VARIOUS CAUSES—

Advancing years, care, sickness, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed itself when thrown on brashy, weak or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation. It is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Married.

In Auburn, Oct. 30, C. M. Jordan of Harrison, to Miss R. A. Wright of Poland; Nov. 3, C. P. Campbell to Mrs. L. Hanson, both of Lewiston.

In Bangor, Nov. 5, Wm. H. Dadd to Ada F. Buzzell; Nov. 8, Rev. Henry S. Burrage of Portland, to Ernestine Male Giddings of Bangor.

In Bath, Nov. 9, Wilbur C. Oliver to Esther Gibbs; Oct. 31, Charles Webster to Georgie E. Armstrong.

In Bethel, Nov. 5, Freeman A. Knight of Canton to Rumford, to Huldah C. Jackson of Milton Plantation.

In Boston, Nov. 9, Albert S. Fuller to Elizabeth B Wadsworth; Oct. 26, Edward A. Martin to Mrs. Julia A. Shuman, both of Camden.

In Brewer, Nov. 10, Caleb Holyoke to Mrs. Lucy A. Rogers.

In Bristol, Nov. 5, Orrington A. Brackett to Della A. Russell.

In Calais, Oct. 26, Augustus Cameron of St. Stephen, to Isabel Harvey; Oct. 15, Andrew Marr to Lizzie Russell; William H. Foster to Melissa Downing.

In Canton, Nov. 5, William Harper to Nellie G Russell.

In Chelsea, Mass., Nov. 5, Edgar H. Pray, formerly of Bristol, to Jennie Robinson.

In Damariscotta, Nov. 8, Wm. Johnson, Jr., of Somerville, to Mary E. Lewis of Whitefield.

In Dennysville, Nov. 1, Albert E Lincoln to Ellen M. Jones.

In Deer Isle, Oct. 30, Benjamin F. Small to Viola Downs.

In Denver, Col., Sept. 29, Cedric Sherwood of Minneapolis, Minn., to Ida E. Gamage, formerly of Auburn, Me.

In Dover, Nov 2, Willis Sanford to Minnie A. Cochran; William Worster of Blanchard to Alice M. Cochran.

In Eastport, Oct. 9, William H. Batson of Campobello, N. B., to Hattie Cronk; Nov. 6, James H. Balis to Minnie A. Hinds.

In Farmington, Nov. 2, George A. Brown to Alice Bowley, both of East Wilton; Oct. 30, Elias H. Averill to Ida M. Locke, both of Wilton.

In Foxcroft, Nov. 11, Rufus R. Clement to Levina E. Grey.

In Gardiner, Nov. 3, A. M. Wheeler to Mary F. Hanley of East Pittston; Oct. 9, Robert Brown of Gloucester, Mass., to Maggie Bradley; Oct. 16, Chas. Robinson to Lena Jewell.

In Gouldsboro', Nov. 6, Edward S. Spurling to Phebe H. Davis of Milbridge.

In Greene, Nov. 2, Henry B. Shaw to Abbie C. Mitchell, both of Thomaston.

In Hallowell, Nov. 1, Harry H. Britton of Winslow to Addie L. Gould.

In Lagrange, Nov. 5, Fremont French of Orneville, to Carrie A. Byther of Bradford.

In Liberty, Oct. 17, John A. Pinkham to Anna Shattuck, both of Washington; Oct. 29, Joseph G. Wentworth of Appleton, to Lottie E. Sherman.

In Lovell, Nov. 6, Wm. D. Irish to Lydia V. McAlaster.

In Machias, Oct. 22, Jerome Albee of Whitneyville, to Clara Miller.

In Mariaville, Nov. 5, Geo. F. Mansell of Bangor, to Rosella Deane.

In Orono, Nov. 6, George Earnest Davis of Oldtown, to Sadie W. Hodgkins of Greenbush; Nov. 5, Blon E. Cole to Georgia A. Cowing.

In Paris, Nov. 5, William H. Hooper to Katie B. Frothingham.

In Pembroke, Oct. 29, Willis Carter to Clara E. Smith.

In Penobscot, Oct. 16, Frank E. Blake of Brooksville, to Abbie F. Gray of Sedgwick.

In Pittston, Aug. 18, E. M. Baker to Ellen Hinkley.

In Portsmouth, N. H., Frank X. Dowyea of Bremen to Elizabeth J. Martin of Portland.

In Portland, Nov. 5, Alva O. Finch of Springfield, Ill., to Hanna Hay; Nov. 8, Samuel J. Cavanor to Mae Selina Youngroy; Nov. 5, Henry H. Tukey of Deering, to Harriet S. Ayers; Nov. 8, George Wm. Burnett of New Britain, Ct., to Phebe T. Flint; Nov. 10, Vernon L. Leavitt to Helen A. Sampson; Nov. 8, Michael M. Sullivan to Maggie Hersey.

In Providence, R. I., Oct. 25, William H. Hall, formerly of Camden, to Annie L. Tucker.

In Rockland, Nov. 7, Frank M. Ulmer to Rose A. Butler.

In Rockport, Oct. 24, W. Edward Kingsbury of Meriden, Mass., to Mary E. Southard.

In Rumford, Oct. 19, Mellen E. Barker to Lillian F. Andrews; Nov. 1, Merritt H. Oldham to Ella E. Allen, both of Mexico.

In Saco, Oct. 29, James I. McKenney to Nettie P. Gilman of Buxton.

In Sebec, Oct. 23, Lewis M. Hamlin to Annie L. Whidden, both of Orneville.

In Skowhegan, Nov. 5, Chas. C. Swain of Cambridge, Mass., to Mrs. Sarah F. Smith; Nov. 5, Henry Calway to Mrs Mary Ann Morrow.

In South River, Antigonish, N. S., Oct. 25, Archibald Fraser of Goldenville, to Mary Cameron.

In Spring Hill, N. S., Oct. 27, Robert O'Rourke to Maggie Robertson.

In Strong, Nov. 6, Samuel S. Huff to Lillian F. Vining.

In Truro, N. S., Oct. 31, Peter McCallum of North River, to Sarah Stewart, West River.

In Vassalboro', Oct. 25, Edward A. Danforth of Skowhegan, to Hattie A. Cowan.

In Waldoboro', Nov. 10, John J. Cooney of Brooklyn, N. Y., to Laura Sampson.

In Waterville, Oct 24, John McEvoy of Hallowell, to Margaret Whittingham; Oct. 25, Fred Williams to Rose A. Richardson.

In Windham, Oct. 30, Charles F. Irish of Gorham, to Eliza H., daughter of Joshua S. Mayberry, Esq.

In Washington, D. C., Nov. 3, Addison C. Getchell of Boston, Mass., formerly of Maine, to Alice L., daughter of J. J. Coombs, Esq., of Washington, D. C.

Died.

In Albany, Vt., Mrs. Eliza Crosby, of Waterville, aged 83 years.

In Auburn, Nov. 3, Mrs. Joseph A. Fisk, aged 48½ years.

In Bangor, Nov. 10, Albert E., infant son of E. L. Gould, aged 6 months, 16 days; Nov. 6, Mrs. James Dougherty, aged 65 years; Nov. 5, Mrs. James F. Rawson, aged 50¾ years.

In Bath, Nov. 9, Mrs. Isaac Smith.

In Belfast, Nov. 3, Mrs. Alfred Walton, aged 69 years; Nov. 7, Mrs. Mary A. McCarty, aged 75 years; Nov. 8, infant son of Alfred Small.

In Brownfield, Nov. 10, Arthur L., son of L. R. Giles, aged 7½ years.

In Brunswick, Oct. 30, Mary F. Decovin, aged 74 years.

In Canton, Oct. 27, Mrs. I. G. Virgin, aged 56 years.

In Cape Elizabeth, Nov. 11, Lemuel Cobb, formerly of Portland, aged 79 years.

In Chelsea, Oct. 25, Levi Burrill, aged 66 years; at Soldiers' Home, Nov. 4, Henry DeSousa, formerly of Co. F. 47th Mass. Vols.

In Cumberland Centre, Nov. 5, Mrs. Priscilla B. Rideout, aged 73½ years.

In Deering, Nov. 10, Mrs. O. F. Mixer, aged 67¾ years; Mrs. Susan W. Doughty, aged 82½ years.

In Dexter, Nov. 5, A. Rowell, aged 56 years.

In Dresden, Oct. 29, Mrs. Sarah Tarr, aged 79½ years.

In Ellsworth, Nov. 5, Dr. James T. Osgood, aged 84¾ years; Nov. 7, Priscilla Fernald, aged 85 years.

In Eustis, Nov. 2, Zeruah M., daughter of Wm. Lisbernese, aged 19½ years.

In Florida, Mass., Oct. 29, Mrs Mary E. Heywood, formerly of Waterville, aged 35 years.

In Gardiner, Nov 9, Mrs. Eldridge Hooker, aged 66 years.

In Garland, Nov. 2, Claud, infant son of L. O. Oaks, aged 2 months, 16 days; Nov. 6, Mattie F. Hobbie, aged 43 years.

In Hebron, Oct. 31, Frank W. Cobb, aged 24½ years; Nov. 1, Capt. H. G. LeBaron, aged 68½ years.

In Liberty, Oct. 30, Mrs. Jessie F. Folsom, aged 36¼ years.

In Mercer, Oct. 29, Frank H. Field, aged 34 years.

In New Portland, Nov. 3, Mrs. William L. Higgins, aged 39 years.

In Otis, Oct. 25, Andrew J. Hill, late of Ellsworth, aged 66¾ years.

In Parkman, Oct. 27, Mrs. Susan R. Smart, aged 77¾ years; Nov. 2, Mrs. Peleg Washburn, aged 69¾ years.

In Portland, Nov. 10, Joseph Smith, aged 84 years; Nov. 11, Alice F., daughter of David H. Doughty, aged 4¼ years; Nov. 10, James O'Donnell, aged 57 years; Nov. 10, Joshua Maxwell, aged 75 years; Nov. 7, Mrs. Charles D. Livermore, aged 33¼ years; Nov. 7, William L. Webber, aged 29¾ years; Nov. 6, Martha Winslow, aged 77 years; Nov. 5, William Cox, aged 76 years.

In Rockland, Nov. 1, David Boyd, aged 74¾ years; Martha E. Cross, aged 54½ years; Oct. 31, Walter Earnest, infant son of C. E. Rising, aged 3 months.

In Roger's Hill, N. S., Oct. 23, Mrs. Roderick McLean, aged 82 years.

In Scarboro', Nov. 6, Fanny Libby, aged 82¾ years.

In Searsport, Nov. 5, Mrs. Warren B. Woodman, aged 34 years.

In South Hope, Nov. 4, Lena Bowley, aged 13 years.

In South Framingham, Mass., Oct. 23, Frank T. Palmer, formerly of Wilton, aged 32 years.

In Swanville, Nov. 7, Mrs. Samuel Smith, aged 79½ years.

In Thomaston, Nov. 3, Herbert A., son of Alfred C. Strout, aged 1¾ years.

In Union, Nov. 2, Mrs. Eliza Fuller, aged 66 years; Sarah Barrett, aged 71 years.

In Vassalboro', Nov. 10, John Homans, aged 81 years.

In Waldo, Nov. 2, Ida E. McKenney, aged 23¾ years.

In Waldoboro', Nov. 5, Mrs. Lizzie J. Gross, aged 42¼ years; Nov. 6, Mrs. Sedona N. Welt, aged 74½ years.

In Waterville, Nov. 10, Mrs. Geo. N. Maxham, aged 25 years; Nov. 9, Harvey Macomber, aged 26 years.

In Windham, Nov. 5, Abba H. Little, aged 39 years.

WILL YOU
—HAVE AN—
M BRACE?
—THE—
Most Perfect Device
—FOR—
Supporting Pantaloons
EVER KNOWN.
No Rubber.
No Springs.

Price from 25 cents up.

Charles H. Nason,
135 & 139 Water Street, Augusta.
2t52

BEAUTIES OF SACRED SONG.

This splendid new collection of the best Sacred Songs of the day, will be a most valuable addition to our libraries, and is full of gems.

Among authors we notice the names of Gounod, Sullivan, Marzials, Abt, Thomas, Smart and Pinsuti, and there are more than 30 others of good repute. Gounod's "Green Hill far away;" Faure's "Palm Branches;" and Abt's "Above the Stars," indicate the high character of the composition, which are 58 in number.

Price $2.00 Boards; $2.50 Cloth.

THE BANNER OF VICTORY

This inspiring title belongs to a new SONG BOOK for SUNDAY SCHOOLS, just out. It is by **Abbey & Munger**, who made a decided success in their last book, "WHITE ROBES," and who, in this new compilation, furnish a number of the sweetest melodies ever placed in a collection of the kind. 160 pages, and about as many songs, many of them adapted to the Prayer Meeting, as well as in the Sunday School. **Price 35 cts.**

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
2t47

Monmouth Mutual Fire Ins. Co.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the members of the Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, will be held at the office of said Company, in Monmouth, Me. on

Wednesday, the 21st Day of Dec. 1881.

at 10 o'clock, A. M. to transact the following business:

First—To choose a Moderator to preside at the meeting.

Second—To choose a Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

Third—To transact any other business which may legally be brought before the meeting.

Monmouth, Nov 15, 1881. A. G. SMITH, Secy.
3t52

S. L. HUNTINGTON,

—MANUFACTURER AND CLOTHIER.—

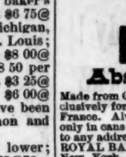
CUSTOM

—AND—

READY-MADE DEPARTMENTS

—190, WATER STREET,—

AUGUSTA, - - - MAINE.
46tf



To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A New Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. The remedies are the outgrowth of his own experience; they are the only known means of permanent cure. Address Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.
26t29

SPECIAL MEETING.

THE LIFE Members' Special Meeting of the Maine State Agricultural Society stands adjourned to Tuesday, Dec. 1st, 1881, at City Hall, Lewiston, at seven and one half o'clock P. M.

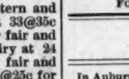
A. L. DENNISON, Secretary.
2t52

DENTIST.

E. J. ROBERTS, D. D. S.
Water Steet, Augusta.
1y16

A Book of Rare Originality, entitled
PRACTICAL LIFE

The great problem solved. The individual carefully considered from the age of responsibility up to maturity. In reward to Education, Home, Society, Etiquette, Amusements, Dress, Love, Marriage, Business, &c. *How Breed—Letters are to be Breeds—Winners.* The whole human life starting through to old age. Illustrated and intense common-sense. Full-page colored plates—each ONE A GEM. **Agents Wanted Everywhere.** Send for circular, full description, terms &c., address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
50t51



Owing to the Failure of the Music House of Eastman & Co., many fine instruments are now offered at less than half cost. Send for circular. Address Eastman & Co., 1 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

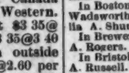
Paganini Violins.

Celebrated for fine tone, finish. Italian strings, fine pegs, inlaid pearl tail-pieces, fine long bow, both ivory and silvered frog, in violin box. Book of instruction, with 558 pieces music, by express for $3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. A better one cannot be purchased elsewhere for $10. G. H. W. BATES & CO., Importers, Boston, Mass.

DENTISTRY

DR. C. W. DAVIS,
No. 140 Water Street,
(Over J. F. Pierce's Book Store)
AUGUSTA, - - - MAINE.

Artificial teeth manufactured in the best manner. All work warranted satisfactory. Prices to suit the times. 1y13 C. W. DAVIS.



40,000 SOLD BY AGENTS.
THE TRIUMPH SHELF AND UTENSIL STAND
Fits any Stove Pipe. Is the Lightest, Strongest, Neatest and Convenient Shelf ever offered to housekeepers. Large profits and lasting and freight free to agents. For circulars, etc. descriptive article, and other great money making specialties for agents. Address
THE TRIUMPH MFG. CO. Cincinnati, O.
44t51

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

FIFTY good American girls to make ladies' light waterproof garments on power sewing-machines. Constant employment, work easy, pay fortnightly. Girls make from $6 to $13 per week, and readily learn to do he work. Shops in Readville, Mass., eight miles from Boston by the Providence or the New York and New England Railroads.

PRUSHAM RUBBER Co.
2t51

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P.O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York
13t50

Wanted.

A GOOD stout young man, of good habits, to take care of stock and learn to butcher.
Apply to

Poetry.

The Round of Life.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery;
Laughing loud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A sailor lad and a maiden fair;
Hand clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale that has been told
In the days gone by is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay;
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling imps 'neath the old roof-tree.
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the failing night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silvered hair,
And the open Book of God close by.
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearer to them are the jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
Two lying still in their peaceful rest;
The fishermen's boats going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west.
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

Our Story Teller.

MRS. PENNY'S MISTAKES.

Just on the brow of a gentle sloping hill, commanding a rich and varied view, on one side of a road cut into the solid hill, stood Elmholt Church. Crowning the opposite bank was an ivy-clad, gray stone wall, behind which two solemn, slumbrous yews kept sleepy watch on their theological brothers in the churchyard; and behind the yews, also solidly built of the gray stone with its mullioned windows, was Elmholt House, the residence of no less a personage than Mrs. Penny, who now sits with a sort of blue woollen antimacassar over her plentiful frowsy iron-gray ringlets, deeply immersed in a political pamphlet. The room is barely and somewhat incongruously furnished. An old-fashioned grand piano, of which the legs and rather rich carvings had at one time been gilt, occupies one corner of the room; in another stands a harp, whose better days belonged to the years when George the Third was king; and other articles of furniture bear the same impress of faded gentility. Mixed with these are homely, uncushioned Windsor chairs; a plain deal table, scantily covered by a threadbare common cloth, and other furniture not quite too far gone to be rejected from the kitchen of a house where the exchequer is very limited.

Mrs. Penny's studies were interrupted by a loud but not unkindly voice outside.

"Put it down, I tell 'ee. I won't ha'e thee do it."

With a snort, Mrs. Penny tossed down her politics and strode out with masculine tread.

"Let the boy alone, Penny," said she, "I won't have you interfere with him."

"I tell 'ee," said Mr. Penny, for it was he, "he shan't fling stones at the jenny-wrens. They be Godamoighty's birds."

Mr. Penny was a hale-looking old man, rather florid, with wiry-gray beard and moustache, and somewhat bowed in figure. He wore gaiters, corduroy breeches, and a drab coat with brass buttons, which looked as though it had formed part of some discarded livery.

The boy who was the subject of the threatened altercation stood irresolute, with the stone in his hand, and his eye on the bush where the jenny-wren had disappeared. Just in the nick of time a blackbird started out, and that the stone might not be wasted, he hurled it at the golden-billed lover of cherries, and then ran off laughing.

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Penny. "Dang the blackbirds. Hull at they if thee likes."

Mrs. Penny pushed her blue antimacassa a little more on one side, hitched up her dress in nautical fashion, and retired to pursue the interrupted consideration of woman's rights.

She was a lady of good birth, respectable education and fairly well endowed with those "good gifts" of which Sir Hugh Evans had so high an appreciation. She had been left an orphan before she was out of her teens, and having always very strong opinions as to woman's ability to do anything that man could do—and do it better, too—with a marked partiality for a country life and for independence, it was not long after she became her own mistress that she took into her own hands the farm on which Elmholt House stood, and began to manage it on strictly original principles, although she condescended to dip into Virgil and Columella for a hint sometimes.

The neighbors occasionally made merry at her expense when she committed a more egregious mistake than usual, but she bore such jests as reached her ear with imperturbable good humor, for, without having any of his morbid sensitiveness, she rivalled poor Hayden in a sublime contempt for criticism.

There was an element of practicality in her nature, however, which led her at times to contemplate the necessity of considering her ways.

Penny occupied the nominal position of steward on the farm, but Miss Gurteen was too much of an autocrat to admit of this position being more than normal. His advice she by no means felt bound to follow, though she did not prohibit it. He had, on one occasion, urged the necessity of having more sheep on the farm, and as the suggestion seemed to her reasonable, she purchased a small but beautiful flock on what she thought to be favorable terms.

"Well, Penny, what do you think of the sheep," she asked, after he had returned from inspecting them.

Penny, whose face was unusually red and rigid in the lines of it, opened his lips to reply, and a loud laugh, which he had been at much pains to suppress, took the opportunity to escape.

"Have you lost your senses, man?" said Miss Gurteen angrily, "that you behave in that way before me?"

"I beg pardon, miss," he said, recovering his gravity with an effort that nearly choked him, "I couldn't help it."

"Penny, you're a great baby," said his mistress; "that's what you are. And now about the sheep—"

"Why, lor' bless you, miss—"

He stopped suddenly, grew purple in the face, resolutely compressed his mouth, turned his head, and burst into an uncontrollable roar of laughter.

Miss Gurteen looked on with amazement. When the paroxysm was over, she said severely:

"Penny, you've been taking too much cider."

"I haven' had a drop o' zider sin'—ever so long," said he, substituting an indefinite phrase, as it flashed upon him that he had just refreshed himself with a cup in the kitchen. "But they sheep—they be all rams."

Some time after this, Miss Gurteen, who had been meditating much, said:

"Penny, I've been thinking about those sheep. I shall always be making mistakes."

"Like enough, miss," said he with all the gravity he could command.

"I can only see one way to keep clear of them," she went on. "I shall have to marry you."

Penny grinned from ear to ear.

"Oh, man," she said petulantly, "don't grin like that. It makes me sick. What do you say to it?"

"Well, miss," said he, "If you be willin' I be."

And with that brief wooing Miss Gurteen became Mrs. Penny. The relations between the pair were scarcely altered. She remained autocrat still, and he, good, easy man, was still steward, with but little increased responsibility. He was placid and obedient, and their life was happy enough.

In the course of time a son and heir was born—the young malignant whom we found casting stones at the jenny-wrens, then about fourteen years of age, a plump, well-grown, affectionate boy.

Mrs. Penny had from his birth destined him for the church, the living of Elmholt being in her gift, and the lad, with the placidity which would have done no discredit to his father, acquiesced in the destiny. Not that he felt any special vocation for the sacred office, of which he would even, (the young scapegrace!) with considerable humor made fun when he made his way into the kitchen, and extemporized a pulpit with a couple of chairs, and a surplus with a tablecloth, to the infinite merriment of the servants.

The proclivity of the boy for finding companionship in the kitchen was Mrs. Penny's greatest trouble. She had been at infinite pains to make him understand that he was a gentleman, and must avoid "low company," such as that afforded by the servants and—his father. That "Penny" should prefer to sit in the kitchen, smoking his pipe and chatting with the laborers after his day's work, was natural and right; he belonged to "that class of people;" but her son was expected to keep state with her in the parlor, or in a dignified promenade up and down the filbert walk. 'Gus opposed to this arrangement a passive resistance. When caught and marched off with Mrs. Penny's hand in his collar, he made no complaint, took his book or his pencil, listened to his lecture, and rendered obedience so long as the maternal eye was on him; but the moment he was released from that stern gaze, he slipped back with unimpaired cheerfulness, and with as much perseverance as a moth pursues its own shadow on the ceiling, evidently regarding the parlor existence as merely parenthetical.

"He will grow out of it," said Mrs. Penny, when she cautioned her steward not to encourage him in the practice.

But he did not grow out of it. Even after his experiences at a genteel boarding school, he would come back to shudder away from the dull decorum of the gentlefolks' quarter of his home to the coziness, warmth, freedom and fun of the common folks. Gradually, too, there grew up in his mind a painful sense of his father's position. It did not come to him early, for from his babyhood his father had been always a quiet, good-humored cipher, and the perception of strangeness in conditions rendered so familiar to us, comes slowly and comes late. In him it came surely, and while he grew more studiously polite with his mother, he grew more and more affectionate with his father. He loved to walk round the fields with him, pick up from him scraps of natural history and folk-lore, listen to his broad but innocent jokes, his kindly gossip of village affairs.

"College will knock all that out of him," said Mrs. Penny, when she was, with something of reticent pride, giving 'a hint of her trouble to the rector; but college did nothing of the kind.

'Gus passed through his university career respectably, though without attaining any distinction; but he came back to Elmholt with a fixed determination, which he was quite prepared to maintain, that he would not be a parson.

"Eh, lad," said his father to him once, soon after he left college, "I ain't fit company for the likes o' thee. You go and talk to you mother."

"Ah, you sly old gentleman," answered 'Gus, taking his arm as he did so. "What mischief are you thinking of that you want to be quit of me? I have just had a very long talk with mother, and now I am coming to have a long talk with you."

The old gentleman was inwardly delighted. He was immensely proud of his tall, fine, handsome, happy son, such a fine scholar and such a fine gentleman, and yet so companionable.

His pride notwithstanding, the old man said:

"Eh, lad, th'ourt pleasant to me as harvest to a hay-suck" (a hedge sparrow); "but don't 'ee go for to vex your mother. Her'll be like a dry drock" (water course) "wi'outen thee yet."

"What a self-willed old boy it is," said 'Gus, smiling. "No; I am coming with you, and with nobody else, for I have something very particular to say to you."

"Well, lad, well. It makes bright day to me to have thee; but thee mustn't vex thee mother."

"That's just what I'm afraid I shall have to do," replied 'Gus gravely, "and that is what I wanted to tell you. You know mother has always intended me to be rector of "Elmholt?"

"Yes, sartin."

"Well, I never shall be. I am not going into the Church."

The old man stopped abruptly, and looked with awe-struck dismay in his son's face as he ejaculated, "Scissors!" There was a whole world of wonderment and horror in the exclamation.

"No," said the young man, "I cannot do it. I have never thought seriously about the matter till quite lately, but, as the time came near when I should have to take orders, I was obliged to look it in the face, and I am sure I am not fitted for such a position. I could not take up that work as a trade or a mere profession. I don't feel called upon to censure those who do; but such a course would be utterly hateful to me. I could never respect myself, nor could I look for respect from others. I shall be very sorry to vex mother. If it were a matter of inclination only, knowing how her heart is set on it, I think—but one never knows—I think I should have given way and said nothing about my feelings; but, as a clergyman, I should be a conscious humbug and a hypocrite, and I won't be that for anybody. I wouldn't try to be it even for you."

"What you say is right good, lad," said the old man with unwonted decision. "It's crubbin (food) to me to here thee say it. But it'll vex your mother more'n anything sin I've known she. Her'll be wild about it. Don't thee tell it right out, but break it to she bit by bit like."

The conversation was earnest and prolonged, but it travelled, as is wont of familiar talk, very much in a circle, and did not go beyond what has been indicated, though father and son varied the form of expression from time to time. Meanwhile Mrs. Penny had been engaged in a most interesting tete-a-tete. An old schoolfellow of hers—now a widow in comfortable circumstances, with a married son and two unmurried daughters—had made a call at Elmholt Farm, and Mrs. Penny, who had lately meditated much on her son's settlement in life, with characteristic frankness and directness had proposed a match between him and Mrs. Burrowes' daughter. The proposal met with a gracious reception, for 'Gus was a decidedly eligible young man. The living of Elmholt was more than comfortable, and Mrs. Penny, though not stingy, was frugal, and had always lived below her income; so that he would inherit from her no inconsiderable property. He was a healthy, good-looking, almost handsome young fellow, frank and modest, highspirited, and without a particle of vice. Any mother might well be pleased to find such a son-in-law, and Mrs. Burrowes, who could almost answer for her daughter, saw no obstacle in the way of the match, unless it lay in the young man's inclinations.

"As to that," said Mrs. Penny, "we are quite safe. Augustus (she never condescended to the abbreviation) has really seen no one, and he has no foolish, romantic notions. A more charming girl than Marion I know he could not find, and I know we have only to bring the young folks together, as you and I will manage it, to have everything settled happily—and soon."

Mrs. Penny and Mrs. Burrowes went to work with gusto, and when Farmer Penny and his son returned from their walk, they were still at it.

But there was an obstacle to the fulfilment of the scheme even more serious than the anti-clerical determination of the young man; and of this even Farmer Penny knew nothing.

There had lately come to the farm, as a sort of upper servant, a niece of the good farmer, a bright-eyed, neat-handed, and really bewitching young woman. If Mrs. Penny had made a love match with her steward, she might have suspected mischief here. But hers had been merely a matter of convenience of the most prosaic kind, the possibility of 'Gus falling in love with his father's niece Alice, had never flashed upon her, even as a remote contingency. Nor, in truth, had it upon the honest old farmer, though living much in the kitchen regions, he had seen them together far more often than the autocrat had done, and had listened to, and laughed at, their bright wit-combats which she had never heard.

And the denouement was destined to come upon them all very suddenly, for 'Gus, rightly arguing that his mother would never give her consent to such a match, and that his father, from whom certainly he anticipated neither opposition nor disapproval, would unquestionably be severely handled if he were made privy to the scheme, kept his own counsel till he should be able to say, "We are one till death do us part; what use are reproaches?"

So just before Alice took her holiday to visit her friends at Thornbury, 'Gus elected to spend a week or two with an old college friend at Bristol, and one morning a quiet little wedding party stepped into the quiet little old-fashioned church of St. John the Baptist, and Augustus Penny, of Elmholt, and Alice Covington, of Thornbury, glowing with radiant happiness, stepped out of it man and wife.

On his way to church, 'Gus had posted a long letter to his mother, explaining his invincible repugnance to the career she had destined for him; his determination to be a farmer, the rare qualities of the wife he had chosen, and her eminent fitness to adorn that sphere of life; his warm affection for his mother and father; and the hope which he and Alice indulged that it would be their happiness to minister to the comfort of both in their declining years. It was a good, honest, sensible letter, but it made Mrs. Penny furious.

She tore her hair, stamped, screamed, flung herself on the floor, went into violent hysterics, and then lay for half the day on the sofa, sobbing and moaning. Utterly unreasonable it was, as everyone must see; but not unnatural. The cherished purpose of five-and-twenty years had been, just as it seemed on the eve of accomplishment, irrevocably dashed into ruins, and the poor lady's desolation of soul was complete. Her boy, her hope, her one love, passionately loved under that queer, eccentric, autocratic, half-comic exterior, was dead to her, and the cloud which had taken him away blotted out all the brightness of life. Presently, like David of old, she arose from the earth, and washed and anointed herself and changed her apparel, and caused bread to be set before her, and she did eat. There was nothing now to weep for, to toil for, to joy for any longer.

When her husband approached her, somewhat awe-struck, with homely words of comfort, she replied to him with fierce scorn, and imperatively forbade all reference to the subject in the household. No stranger had intermeddled with her joy; her bitterness was all her own. She went about her household and farm affairs as usual, but more silently, with pale face, compressed lips, and a fierce fire in those clear gray eyes of hers.

Then, upon a day, the old gates swing back, and she saw the young man coming up to the house with his bride, whose face was rather pale and anxious, on his arm. She went out and stood on the top step of the doorway to receive them, her tall form drawn to its full hight, her gray hair blown hither and thither by the wind, and her face burning as with white heat.

"Mother," said Gus, as he stretched out his arms to her.

"No mother of yours, ungrateful boy!" shrieked she. "All that is past and buried; you have scorned my love; you have trampled on my heart. And now go and take your beggar bride, and work out your own low tastes, and delve, and starve! Never more shall you enter these doors; you are no child of mine!"

"Nay; but, mother," he exclaimed, aghast at her angry vehemence, "here me."

"It is too late; I will never listen to you voice again. It has no music for me now; nor will it have till I die. You have made me of less than no account, and I blot you like an evil dream from my memory."

As she spoke she struck the door-post with such force that the blood trickled from the bruised and wounded hand, but without heeding it, she went on:

"The sight of you burns and scorches me. What was love is in me as a raging fire. If I could have coined my heart for you, to give you joy, I would have done it; you have made of my love only the play thing of an idle hour, to be cast aside for the first light fancy that crossed it. And now go your own way. Go with my—no, I will not curse you! but go without my blessing, and never look upon my face again."

"Wait a minute, Amelia," said the slow, sonorous voice of old Penny, who had stood silent, with head bowed, during this fierce outburst. His head was erect now, and 'Gus, as he looked at him, could but think he had never seen his father so much a man before.

"Penny, how dare you?" exclaimed his wife, almost breathless with amazement. It was unprecedented for him to address her by her Christian name.

"We dare do much," said the old man, "as we nivver thought we could ha' done till the time for it come. I know, Amelia, you have allus tuk me for a quiet good-natured fool; and so I am most ways, most ways; but I aint sich a fool as not to know that this house, and this farm, and all the rest of it, is mine. Yes, mine, every rood and every shilling of it. You didn't have no settlements when we married, an' it all became mine. I didn' wan' it, and I didn' care about it; and I shouldn' never ha' said nuthin' about it's long as all had gone quiet. But I won't see the boy wronged. The house is mine, and 'a long as it's mine he's welcome to it, and all that's in it; hearty, yes, hearty."

It was another of Mrs. Penny's little mistakes. In her scornful repudiation of any interference in her affairs she had married without consulting any friends, and without taking any precautions to secure to herself the control of her property; and so quiet and submissive had her husband been that no suspicion of her position had flashed upon her till now, when indeed she realized it in its full force. She stood as one thunderstruck, but taking in everything with such helpless acquiescence as that with which we regard the wonders of a dream.

The old man approached his son, shook him by the hand warmly, and kissed his niece, whose eyes, dry till now, answered his kindness with responsive dews.

"Your mother," said he, is "tossicated (perplexed) like with disappointment, and the vexation of it. Thee'd better not worry her now. It 'ud be better, mayhap, if you'd go away for a week; then you come back, and all 'till be right; her'll have time to come round. Go round to the kitchen, and I'll come and talk to you in a minit."

"Now, Amelia, come," he went on, when he had led her into the parlor. "We both on us loves the boy, and you'd be bitter sorry if he was to take you at your word and go away. Aye, an' he loves us too though he has chosen a wife for himself, as a man should do. And she's a right good gell, never you doubt that; she'll make him a good wife, and he'll be a happier man and a better man than if you and I had had the shapin' o' his life for 'un. He's all we'n got, and we mus' 'n let 'un go.

We are strange creatures, and our lives and characters are full of contradictions. The quiet tone of authority, which at any time during the previous quarter of a century she would have resented strenuously, was now grateful to her feelings, and she allowed herself to rest, with a sense of comfort and security, on the practical common sense and right feeling of the husband she had systematically underrated.

"Leave me alone, Penny," she said, "for half an hour. My head is in a whirl now, and I want to be alone. Tell Jane to bring me a cup of tea, and come back in half an hour. Don't let the boy go till you've seen me again."

When the allotted time had expired Penny went back again, and found her looking ten years younger, her hair brushed and smoothed, and an old fashioned but exquisitely beautiful lace cap on her head, and a box of trinkets and whim-whams by her side.

"Penny," she said at once, "I have been an old fool, and blind to more things than one. I don't say that if what has been done could be undone I wouldn't undo it; but I can't, and I will make the best of it. Tell the boy he needn't go away for a week. I am not tossicated now. And tell him, too, that if I never give him occasion to remember that mad scene outside—as, so help me heaven, I never will!—I hope that he will never recall it. See here," she added with a laugh, emptying the box of trinkets on the table, "I have never worn these things since I was a girl, but Alice will look gay in them."

Two years and a half later the old folks sat by a blazing winter fire, and a chubby boy was fondling a shaggy dog on the hearth rug at their feet. The old lady stooped down and smoothed the flaxen ringlets of the child.

"James," she said, "do you mind my telling you once that if I could I would undo what 'Gus had done? I do not wish it undone."

Young Folks' Column.

How the Little Steadmans Had a Good Time.

(A Thanksgiving Story.)

BY MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

Rena and Carrie Steadman lived in Cincinnatti, but they were born in Massachusetts, and loved Thanksgiving Day as only little New England girls can; and they thought of it all the year through with as much pleasure as they thought of Christmas. It was pleasant to think, not only of the day itself, but of the two or three days before it, for then Mrs. Steadman, who always heard their lessons herself, gave them a holiday, and went into the kitchen and helped to make the good things for the dinner. Rena and Carrie were allowed to help—to stone raisins and pare apples, and chop the mince meat; and every one looked so happy and busy, and there was such a baking and boiling and steaming and stirring, and such a good smell in the kitchen of spices and pastry, that Thanksgiving Day seemed to extend from Tuesday morning till Thursday night.

Then it was so nice, when the day really came, to have their dear papa sit down before the fire in his dressing-gown and slippers after breakfast, just as he did Sundays, instead of hurrying off to business; and the story that he told them before church-time was always a part of Thanksgiving Day. Then the walking to church was another treat, for then their papa would explain to them how Thanksgiving Day came to be, or tell them of some Thanksgiving Day in his own childhood; and in church, although they were too little to understand very much of the sermon, they enjoyed the beautiful music, and loved to think that they had come to church to thank their Heavenly Father for all His care through the year. Then walking from church with their uncle and aunt and cousins (who always dined with them Thanksgiving Day, because they had the biggest parlors for the after-dinner frolic.) And then the dinner—the two big turkeys, the chicken pie—the *everything* so nice. After that the games, one coming after another, till the winter daylight faded, and the gas was lighted, and still game after game, papa and mamma, uncle and aunt playing with the children till nine o'clock. That was very late for Rena and Carrie, for they always went to bed at seven o'clock on other nights; and after all else, the happy, sleepy undressing, with mamma to kiss them and tuck them in, and Thanksgiving Day was over! Do you wonder that they loved to think of it?

But one autumn, when Rena was ten and Carrie eight years old, early in October their mamma became very ill, and for many days the doctors thought she could not live; but after much suffering and pain she finally grew better, and by the first of November was able to be bolstered up in bed and see the little girls for a while each day; and in two weeks more, she sat in a rocking-chair, and began to move slowly about her room. One evening, as the little girls sat in their father's lap, one on each knee, he said:

"I am sorry, my little girls, that you will lose your Thanksgiving frolic and dinner this year. Of course you will have to, for the new cook that has come since mamma was sick, knows very little, and could not get dinner without mamma, and she will not be strong enough to come down-stairs to eat, or see you play, even if the cook could get along without her; but you will really have a better Thanksgiving than you have ever had, for you will know better than you ever did before, what a *real* Thanksgiving out of your hearts is, when you look at mamma almost well again."

Of course Rena and Carrie felt sorry to lose the fun that they always had; but they really felt, as their papa said, so joyful and thankful for their mother, that they didn't mind.

But the next day, as soon as their papa went to his business, their mamma sent for them. They went quickly, wondering what mamma could want so early, for it was generally ten o'clock before they were sent for. They found her already sitting up in her wrapper, with paper and pencil, and her purse. She smiled as they came in, and said:

"Little girls, I have a plan: I want to surprise papa, and you must help me. We will have a real Thanksgiving dinner up here in my room, and quiet games after it, and *you little girls* shall get the dinner! And it shall all be a secret and surprise to papa!"

Oh, how happy Rena and Carrie were! too happy at first to wonder what their mamma could mean by *their* getting the dinner; but in a minute their questions came fast enough:

"Why, mamma, how *can* we get the dinner?" "Who will teach us to cook?" "Where will we get the things?" "How can we have dinner up here? There isn't any table."

One after the other the questions came without stopping, till their mamma laughed and said:

"There, there! stop a minute and listen to me; it can all be done if we don't get into a hurry. Thanksgiving comes the twenty-ninth—this is the twenty-second; that gives us six days besides Sunday. Now I have written down everything that is first needed at the grocer's and market; you can take the paper to Betsy and tell her to get the things as soon as she has finished her work; and when they come you may let me know."

Away ran the little girls, still wondering what their mamma could mean by *their* getting dinner, but knowing that they must not ask too many questions. Betsy was the chambermaid, a bright, willing girl, and she hurried through her work, and soon came in from market and grocery with a piece of beef, a piece of suet, a little bucket of sweet cider, and a paper of raisins; and after her came the market-man with a bushel of rosy apples.

Up ran the little girls to their mamma, who said, "Now tell Mary (the cook) to boil the meat slowly till it is tender, and then put it away to cool; and then come back to me and bring the raisins and a bowl, and the chopping-bowl and knife, and the knife that Mary peels apples with, and tell Betsy to come with you with a basket of apples."

"Now, little girls," said she, "sit down quietly, and I will tell you just what we will do. I am quite well, only not strong, and it won't hurt me any to have you in my room several hours at a time if you will not talk too much. I can show you so that by doing a little each day, you can make all the mince, mix the pumpkin, and peel and cut the apples for mince, apple, and pumpkin pies. Then you can make stuffing and stuff the turkey. We will get along this year without any pudding or chicken pie, and have just a turkey and vegetables and three kinds of pie. You are too little to make pie crust; but I will have Mary bring the things up here and I will show her how to make enough crust for two pies of each kind. Then when Thanksgiving Day comes, while papa is at church Mary and Betsy will bring the two kitchen tables up-stairs, and as they are just of a size they can be put together and make one long one, and we will have dinner just ready to put on when papa comes in from church."

Rena and Carrie listened with their eyes bright with happiness, and as soon as their mamma finished speaking, asked both together, "When may we begin?"

"Right away," said Mrs. Steadman. "You, Rena, can peel those apples and cut them off the cores, and you, Carrie, can stone the raisins."

The little girls went right to work, and by dinner-time had the apples peeled and chopped, and the raisins stoned for the mince.

That was Thursday. Friday they chopped the meat and the suet; that was slow work, for it had to be, oh, so fine; but they took turns at the chopping-bowl, and before dinner had it all done.

Saturday they ground and measured the spices and mixed the mince, and put it away finished. Oh, how happy they felt!

But they were almost afraid to say a word before their papa, for they thought all the time so much about their wonderful secret that they were very much afraid that they would say it out without thinking. So every night, as soon as they heard the front door shut, Rena would say, "Remember!" and Carrie would say, "Yes, *remember!* and then they would run to meet him.

One night Carrie came very near saying, "Thanksgiving will be so nice in mamma's room;" but she had only said "Tha"—when Rena gave her *such* a punch, and off she cut it right there with only a weak little "a-a" to finish it off with; and then they both began to laugh so that they had to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths and get around behind their papa's chair to keep from being seen. Oh, it was a happy week!

Monday they could not work, for Mary was too busy with her washing to have them running through the kitchen.

But early Tuesday morning they begun to peel the big yellow pumpkin that the market-man brought Saturday night; mamma squared it for them and took out the seeds, and then they took two quarters of it up stairs, and one did one and one the other; and when it was all cut in pieces they took it down to Mary to stew. Then when it was tender they took it up stairs again with the sieve and a big dish, and eggs and an egg-beater, and Carrie strained the pumpkin while Rena beat the eggs. Then their mamma told them just how much milk to put in, and how much sugar and spice; and the pumpkin too was ready for pies.

They set it away in a cool place over night, and Wednesday they peeled and cut the apples for apple pies, and sat by watching while mamma showed Mary how to make the crust. Mary, although she did not know much about cooking, was a good-tempered, kind girl, and was almost as happy in the children's secret as they were themselves, so she did not mind having to carry her baking things upstairs. It was late Wednesday afternoon when the turkey was stuffed, but it was at last done, and mamma's room nicely set to rights before papa came in. Rena and Carrie were so certain they should tell their secret if they were long with their papa, that they ran off to bed right after supper and were soon asleep.

The next morning they were up bright and early, and the minute they were dressed ran to the pantry to look at the pies—*their* pies—and the big turkey *they* had stuffed, lying in the pan with his legs tied together ready to go into the oven. "Oh, *isn't* it nice!" said Rena; won't papa be happy, though!"

"And won't he though!" said Carrie.

Papa's story was just as nice that morning as usual, but the little girls' heads and hearts were so full that every little while they would forget the story and be wondering if the girls *could* get the tables upstairs, and if everything would be ready in time.

But the story came to an end, and so did the pleasant church service, and the walk home: and then—Rena's heart beat so fast that she could hardly speak, and little Carrie kept squeezing her hand while their papa got out his latch-key.

"Mamma is so well," said he, "that I think we can have some little games in her room after dinner. I wonder if poor Mary has tried anything extra in honor of the day. I did not dare send a turkey from market, for I knew she would make it into hash or something as bad. When I get off my coat we will go up and see how dear mamma is."

"Yes, sir," said Rena, trying to speak naturally, and pulling Carrie with her upstairs—just one peep into mamma's room before papa came up to see if everything was right. Yes, the table was all set, and mamma in a pretty new blue wrapper, and a lace breakfast cap with blue ribbons, looking so pretty. They had only time to see this and get the door shut again, when papa came upstairs and went into the room with them. Oh, you should have seen his face! *such* a surprised look! And so pleased! And then, when mamma told him *who* made the mince and fixed the pumpkin and apples, and stuffed the turkey, how he kissed his little girls! Then how fast they talked, and told him how many times they had nearly let the secret out, and how once, when he came home a little earlier to dinner, they had to stuff the chopping-bowl into the closet with his boots, to get it out of sight; and how once mamma came near letting him know, and ever so much more, till their mouths were so stuffed with dinner that they had to stop talking.

Then after dinner they played Proverbs, and we've thought of a word that rhymes," and other quiet plays. And the games were not so quiet after all, for they all laughed so, and mamma as much as any of them, and best of all it never made her a bit worse, but she was so well in a few days that she drove out; and the children after that would say, that Thanksgiving always was nice but "mamma's Thanksgiving" was nicest of all.—*Wide Awake.*

VEGETINE.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.

DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The symptoms of an acute attack of inflammation of the kidneys are as follows: Fever, pain in the small of the back, and thence shooting downward; numbness of the thigh, vomiting, usually at first a deep red color of the urine, which becomes pale and colorless as the disease increases, and is discharged very often with pain and difficulty; costiveness, and some degree of colic. In chronic diseases of the kidneys the symptoms are pain in the back and limbs, dryness of the skin, frequent urinations (especially at night,) general dropsy, headache, dizziness of sight, indigestion, and palpitation of the heart, gradual loss of strength, paleness and puffiness of the face, cough and shortness of breath.

In diseases of the kidneys the VEGETINE gives immediate relief. It has never failed to cure when it is taken regularly and directions followed. In many cases it may take several bottles, especially cases of long standing. It acts directly upon the secretions, cleansing, and strengthening, removing all obstructions and impurities.—A great many can testify to cases of long standing having been perfectly cured by the VEGETINE, even after trying many of the known remedies which are said to be expressly for the disease.

Kidney Complaints.

CINCINNATTI, O., March 19, 1877.

H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have used your VEGETINE for some time, and can truthfully say it has been a great benefit to me; and to those suffering from diseases of the Kidneys, I cheerfully recommend it.

Respectfully, O. H. SMITH.

Attested to by K. B. Ashfield, Druggist, Cor. Eighth and Central Avenue.

CINCINNATTI, O., April 19, 1877.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:

I have suffered several years with the *Kidney Complaint*, and was induced to try VEGETINE. I have taken several bottles of your preparation, and I am convinced it is a valuable remedy. It has done me more good than any other medicine. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from *Kidney Complaints*.

Yours Respectfully, J. S. McMILLEN,
First Book-keeper for Newhall, Gale & Co., Flour Merchants, No. 66 West Front St., Cincinnatti, O.

VEGETINE has restored th'ousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

VEGETINE
PREPARED BY
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.
2146

The great superiority of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP over all other cough remedies is attested by the immense popular demand for that old established remedy.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 cents.

1y46

IRON BITTERS
A TRUE TONIC
CURE

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Lack of Energy, Loss of Strength, Want of Appetite, Intermittent Fevers, etc.

IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic.

IRON BITTERS *enrich the blood, strengthen the muscles, and give new life to the nerves.*

IRON BITTERS act like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as *tasting the food, belching, heat in the stomach, heartburn, etc.*

IRON BITTERS—the only Iron Preparation that *will not blacken the teeth or give headache.*

Sold by all druggists.

Write for the A B C Book, 32 pages of useful and amusing reading—sent free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Baltimore, Md.

1y42

GRAPE VINES.

All Leading Varieties in large supply. Warranted true to name. Prices low. Also, the celebrated

NEW WHITE GRAPE,
PRENTISS

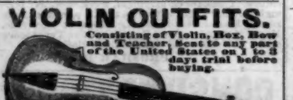
Send stamp for Price and Descriptive List. Also Trees, Small Fruits, etc.

T. S. HUBBARD, *Fredonia, N. Y.*

1944

VIOLIN OUTFITS.

Consisting of Violin, Box, Bow and Tutor, sent to any part of the United States on 3 days trial before buying.



Violin Outfits at $3.50, $7, $13, & $22, each. Send Stamp for Beautifully Illustrated 32 page Catalogue of Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Cornets, Flutes, Accordeons, Harmonicas, Organ Accordeons, Music Boxes, &c. Lowest Prices. Mail Orders Specialty. C.W. Story, 38 Central St. Boston, Mass.

36y

MME.
Augusta Healy's
VEGETABLE
TONIC PILLS

Have proven a boon to thousands of suffering women. They are prepared expressly for, and if used as directed, never fail to cure the most obstinate Misplacements, Ovarian Troubles and Chronic Weaknesses, so common to the best of the sex. All letters are answered by a skilful Female Physician. Pills sold by druggists, or mailed upon receipt of price, $1.00 per box; six boxes, $5.00. Send for pamphlets and list of cured. Address,

H. F. THAYER & CO.,
13 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

2043y

HELP WANTED.

$2,000 A YEAR. Highest cash wages made by all who work for us. We are short of help, and can employ 100 men, women, boys, and girls, and offer 10 times ordinary wages, for work at your own homes, either all the time, or evenings. $10 to $50 per week, according to ability. Full information for stamp.

H. K. CURTIS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

3146

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name 10c. post-paid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y. 1y35

10 CTS. pays for the Star Spangled Banner 3 mos. *Nothing like it.* 20th year. 8 pages illustrated. Specimens FREE. Address Banner, Hinsdale, N. H. 3446

N. H. DOWNS'
VEGETABLE BALSAMIC
ELIXIR

Is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, and all Lung Diseases, when taken in season.

People die of consumption simply because of neglect, when the timely use of this remedy would have cured them at once.

Fifty-one years of constant use proves the fact that no cough remedy has stood the test like *Downs' Elixir.*

Price 25c. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.

Dr. Baxter's Mandrake BITTERS

Will cure Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, and all diseases arising from Biliousness. Price 25 cts. per bottle. For Sale Everywhere.

HENRY A. JOHNSON'S
ARNICA AND OIL LINIMENT
For Man and Beast.

The most perfect liniment ever compounded. Price 25c. and 50c. For Sale Everywhere.

1y29

ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT!
THE
Banner Kidney Remedy!

A Positive Cure for Kidney & Liver Complaints and all Diseases arising therefrom, such as

Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Bladder, Brick Dust Deposit, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Female Complaints, and all Diseases of the Urinary Organs.

A Druggist Has Sold over 1,000 Bottles.

ROCKLAND, ME., April 25, 1881.

I have sold over one thousand bottles of Elixir of Life Root, and have never found a case where it failed to give satisfaction. WM. H. KITTREDGE.

Nearly Dead and One Bottle Cured Him.

WESTFIELD, Mass., March 28, 1881.

J. W. KITTREDGE, Agent Elixir of Life Root:

Dear Sir:—Having suffered intensely for four years with disease of the Kidneys, after having during that time tried various medicines without obtaining relief, I was induced to try a bottle of your ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT, and it affords me pleasure to say that one bottle of it completely cured me. I recommend it as the only valuable and certain cure for kidney troubles I have ever seen. I would add that before using your medicine I had become so weak that I was about to give up work. Hoping that others who have suffered like myself may be so fortunate as to try your valuable medicine, truly yours, T. F. MCMAIN.

As a SPRING TONIC and APPETIZER IT HAS NO EQUAL.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

ELIXIR OF LIFE ROOT CO.,
J. W. KITTREDGE, Agent, Rockland, Me.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

Elixir of Life Root is sold in Augusta by FARTRIDGE BROS. 1y29

THE
Admiration
OF THE
WORLD.
Mrs. S. A. Allen's
WORLD'S
Hair Restorer
IS PERFECTION!